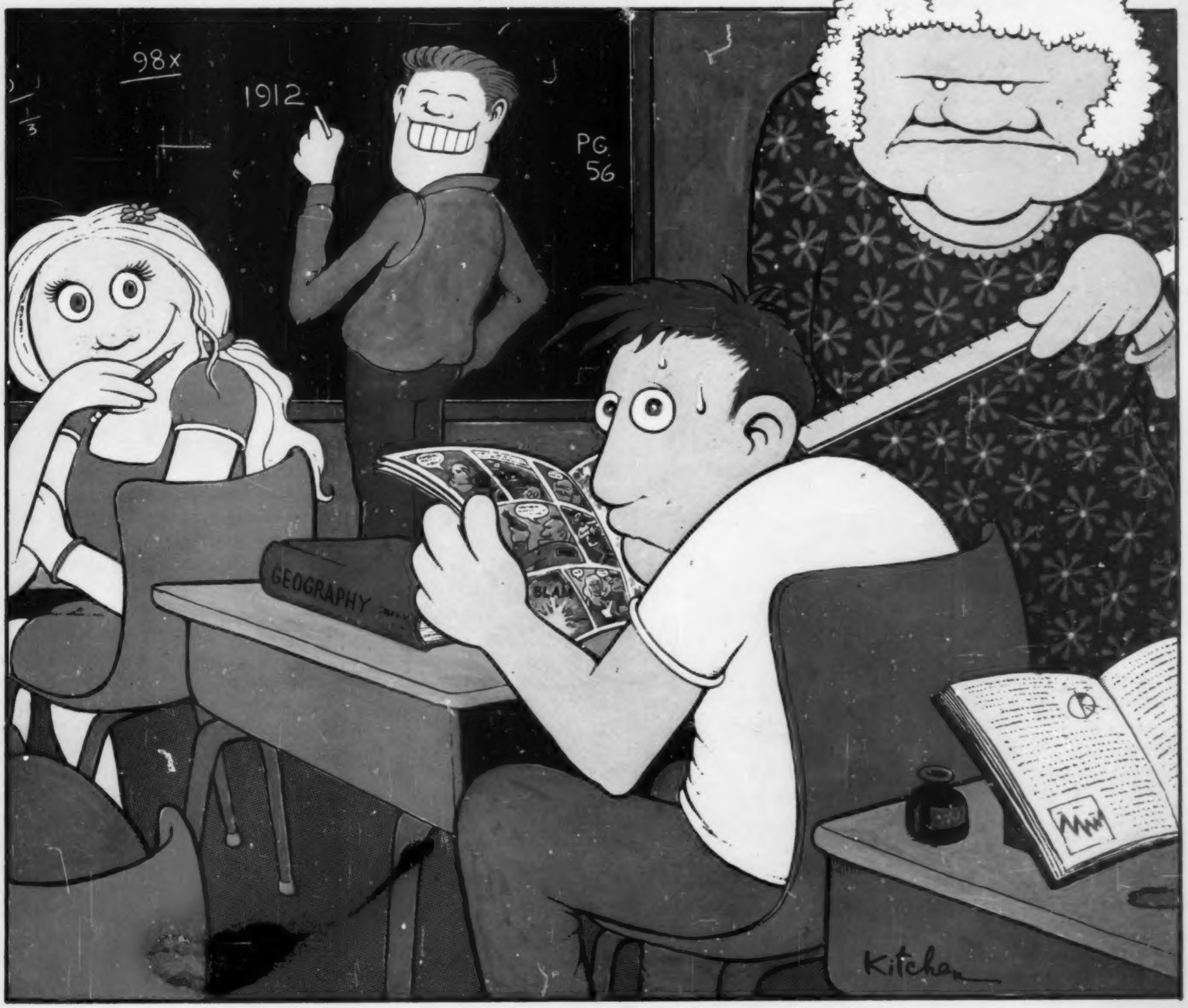
ISSN 0071-9943

The world of film animation and comic art

Funnyworld

No. 15 $1.25



Tex Avery - Ralph Bakshi's Heavy Traffic
Comics by John Fawcett - Comix at Berkeley

Funnyworld

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Funnyworld, No. 15, Fall 1973 issue. Published by ***Funnyworld,*** Box 5229, Brady Station, Little Rock, Arkansas 72205. Mike Barrier, editor and publisher.

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Funnyworld is intended for adult readers and is not a children's magazine. Phone: (501) 225-5455 or (501) 376-6161, ext. 258. **Subscriptions:** Single copies $1.25. Four issues $5.00 or $7.00 by first-class mail, $8.00 by air mail. Foreign: single copies $1.50 by surface mail, $2.25 by air mail; four issues $6.00 by surface mail, $9.00 by air mail. (Canada and Mexico, same as U.S.) Bulk prices: 5-9 copies, $1.00 each (20 per cent discount); 10-149 copies, 75 cents each (40 per cent discount); 150-299 copies, 62-1/2 cents each (50 per cent discount); 300 or more copies, 50 cents each (60 per cent discount). **Back issues:** A few copies of No. 14 are available for $2.00 each; no other back issues are available.

Editorial

Despite my wishes to the contrary. *Funnyworld* has not yet broken out of its once-a-year rut. I still have hopes for a quarterly schedule, but I will say nothing more about that until the magazine actually starts appearing more often.

I recently signed a contract with Oxford University Press to write a critical history of American animated cartoons in the Thirties and Forties; the book will emphasize the Hollywood studios of that period — Disney, Warner, MGM, etc. — but I will be writing in some detail about the New York studios as well. As part of my research for the book, I will be distributing questionnaires about their professional careers to as many people in animation as I can reach. I also hope to record a great many interviews — not just with directors and prominent animators, but with story men, layout men, background artists, voice men, and others. The book will be amply illustrated, and so I am seeking model sheets, photographs, stills, and the like; I am also looking for written material about animation (either printed, like newspaper articles, or handwritten, like letters) that dates from the 1930-1950 period. I would like to hear from people who worked in animation at that time; for that matter, I'd also like to hear from people who worked in the field earlier or later than those dates, because the book's time boundaries will not be rigid.

At this year's Comic Art Convention, held in July in New York City, I was chosen by Phil Seuling, the organizer of the convention, as a co-winner of the second Ed Aprill Award. The award was established last year in honor of the late Ed Aprill; it is given annually for outstanding contributions to the comic art field by people who are not professionals in it. This year, the award was split between me and Bill Spicer, the publisher of *Graphic Story Magazine* — and that's fitting, because it is unlikely that I would have published *Funnyworld* without the example of *GSM*. The award cites me "for the production of *Funnyworld*, whose consistent high quality and depth of journalistic inquiry make it an accomplishment which raises the level of intellectual communication for all of us in the field of comic art." I'm very grateful to Phil and to the fans who helped him make the final selection.

This issue contains an extended example of John Fawcett's phantasmagoric artwork; for more of the same, you may turn to John's *Works of Art Comics*, a fifty-two-page extravaganza reviewed in *Funnyworld* No. 13. John is now selling

the book himself, at two dollars less than its original price, since he no longer must pay a gallery's commission; copies are $3.00 each from John Fawcett, P. O. Box 37, Warrenville, Connecticut 06278.

The front cover is by Denis Kitchen, who doubles as a cartoonist and as publisher of a line of underground comic books, many of them excellent. For a current catalog, write to Krupp Comic Works, Inc., P. O. Box 5699, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211. *Mike Barrier*

Letters to Mike Barrier

Ordinarily, Funnyworld's *letters pages are devoted to letters about the previous issue. I have departed from that procedure this time, because I have accumulated a number of letters that got squeezed out of earlier issues, for one reason or another, but still merit publication.*

Mark Kausler's letter on The Aristocats *was written in 1971, in response to my review of the film in* Funnyworld *No. 13, but his letter is pertinent now, with the Disney studio's new feature cartoon,* Robin Hood, *scheduled for release in November.*

From MARK KAUSLER: *The Artistocats* is a sickening example of something that is *completely* unforgivable in Disney animation, cost-cutting. Disney is the only entertainment corporation to be really solidly on its feet financially, but they can't afford to spend the extra million it might have taken to get the Filmation-itus out of *The Aristocats.* One of the most glaring innovations in the feature is the elimination of animating characters in perspective. In scenes where characters are walking away from camera into the distance, they have been animated on a walk cycle and photographed against black or blue, whatever color is used for matte work, and then optically combined with the separately photographed background. The characters are reduced in size by the simple method of having the camera pull back as the walk cycle is photographed repeatedly. When the characters on a walk cycle are optically combined with the background, it is supposed to give the illusion that the characters are walking away in perspective. The trick doesn't really work in *The Aristocats* because the matte work is so crude that one can see white lines around the characters from poor registration of the mattes. Also, when animated characters are animated apart from their settings there always is a feeling of imperfection, a bad meshing of gears. The shot in which the geese lead the cats back to Paris as they march down the road is especially poor and so is the attempt to make the animation of the two female geese and the drunken uncle work twice by matting it over the same background in different sizes. All this is to escape work, something that has been pretty hard to accuse the Disney studio of in the past.

Also glaring is the fact that a lot of the cat animation has been lifted from *One Hundred and One Dalmatians,* particularly when O'Malley is rescuing one of the kittens from its fall from the truck. This is the same animation that was used when Pongo was loading puppies on the back of the truck in *Dalmatians,* except that the dogs have been redrawn to look like cats and the drawings have been cleverly flopped over so that the action is in the opposite direction.

There is an incredible number of repeats in the film. One scene of Berlioz getting mad and spitting in close-up is used no less than *three* times, and the last few minutes of the picture are merely a recap of the jam session with Scat Cat, plus selected close-ups of the two dogs from earlier in the film. There are a lot of scenes that suffer because of sterile animation by people who have been assistants for years and are just now getting into animation.

Of course, there are many good scenes in *The Aristocats,* most of them by Milt Kahl, Frank Thomas, the late Julius Svendsen and Ollie Johnston. But these people (except for Svendsen, who was relatively new to animation) gave merely their usual excellent performances, with no surprises or innovations. Milt Kahl did excellent animation of the butler, Edgar, but Edgar did not really emerge as much of a menace and therefore it was hard to react to him one way or the other. Svendsen and Thomas did great scenes of the farm dogs and these were some of the comic high spots of the film, but even they were only echoes of all the great comic chases in cartoon history (including Tom and Jerry) and the sequence was slowed by weak pacing and generally "realistic" timing. I don't know who did some of the scenes of the kittens, but there was excellent character in some of the early scenes of Marie on the piano singing "Scales and Arpeggios." She contrasted beautifully with her two brothers in these scenes, and there were hints of amusing brother-sister rivalry to come, but they were never realized.

In sum, *The Aristocats* is like watching several great actors — the animators — in search of a play. The old Disney animators are the best in the world, but they are hemmed in by haphazard direction and story construction. The future seems to hold few joys except looking at the few remaining great scenes that the Disney animators will produce — scenes that will be encased in weak films that try in vain to recapture the strength of the earlier Disney features. It's like watching people behind bars.

Roger Brand also wrote in response to Funnyworld *No. 13, and part of his letter, dealing with Denis Kitchen's article in that issue, was published in No. 14. The rest of his letter — and my reply — were also scheduled for that issue, but there was no room.*

From ROGER BRAND (underground cartoonist): I believe your reviews of "underground" comics are faulty in two ways: (1) You limit yourself to a set of standards that don't always apply to "underground" comics, nor adequately define them (for instance, holding up a Barks long story as the very highest comics can attain leaves out not only S. Clay Wilson, say, but things like the "Bobo Bolinski" one-pagers that Crumb did, or his "The Simp and the Gimp" story in *Motor City* No. 2, all of which I'd rather have than "Fritz the No-Good" and/or *Homegrown Funnies,* ooth of which you overrate vastly, in my opinion). (2) Your opinions about the "underground" I find to be, I have to say, both prudish and self-righteous (or is that redundant?); and so all in all for me, your "underground" reviews are not useful.

The letter from Alex Eisenstein was just beautiful. As usual, someone comes along to put things in proper perspective, and for me his point can be applied to the "underground" — namely, take them for what they're supposed to be. When you refer to *Insect Fear* No. 2 as the airing of psychoses, I think you're being extreme — and reflecting what looks to me to be the beginning of an unfortunate polarity and an axe-to-grind on your part — but to the degree that it's true, so what? I don't see that the *value* of this stuff is whatever therapeutic effect it has on the artists, but plenty of good art comes from artists deliberately sinking themselves in hellish environs. Gosh, Mike, ain't you *never* been tempted by insanity and lust? It's a release from self-righteousness, from which all evils flow, and so, to me, are comics based on it. In resisting the oblivious smugness that

dominates the United States, I believe in calm dissent and cool, collected satire, and all that, but I also believe in unbuttoning one's fly and pissing; sometimes it's more effective.

MIKE BARRIER replies: The argument that inappropriate standards are being applied to underground comics has been raised often, but it's increasingly clear that the only standards that many defenders of artists like Wilson will accept are those that result in automatic approval of the comics in question. When the argument slides over into questions of "prudery" and "self-righteousness" then we're really talking about the values expressed in works of art, rather than about the standards used to measure how effectively those values are expressed. Roger obviously disagrees with my preference for stories more than a few pages long, but his real objection is to my lack of sympathy with the artistic aims of S. Clay Wilson, Rory Hayes, and other artists of that stripe.

The basic test, for me, is whether a work of art is "life-enhancing" (Goethe's term) or life-denying; I think that most of the work of Wilson and Hayes falls in the latter category. The choice of subject matter is not at issue; Robert Crumb can be "life-enhancing" even when he is as unbuttoned as Wilson or Hayes. Wilson's and Hayes' stories may serve to exorcise their private demons (although I doubt that they work very well even as personal therapy), but as works of art they are simply expressions of a rather pathetic *machismo*. They tell us that death and ugliness are what is real — life and beauty are illusions — and by reveling in what is repulsive to most of us, Wilson and Hayes "prove" their toughness and masculinity. This attitude manifests itself most forcefully in the treatment of women in their stories.

Synthetic toughness is not restricted to underground cartoonists, of course; it seems to be an attribute of many people of the counter-culture — and this, it seems to me, is the inevitable product of a cultural movement that has prided itself on its soft intellectual center.

Self-righteousness is not the source of all evil, but rather a mechanism that permits us to perform evil deeds most efficiently. I find a lot of it in the counter-culture, and especially in the work of some underground cartoonists. Self-righteousness is what permits us to believe we are striking a blow against "the system" when all we are doing is indulging some of our coarser impulses — "insanity and lust," if you prefer.

John Benson's letter also dates from 1971, and some of his comments apply not just to Funnyworld *No. 13, but to* Funnyworld *No. 12.*

From JOHN BENSON: I recently got John Fawcett's *Works of Art Comics* and I must admit that I was somewhat disappointed. First off, the rather steep price, the "numbered signed copies," and the way the material is presented all tend to convey the impression that he indeed feels his book is a "work of art," whereas the Disney material he cribbed from wasn't.

I liked his covers for *Funnyworld*, but the material cloys in such a concentrated package. Moreover, when he embellishes an old *Comics and Stories* cover with rivets and wires for *Funnyworld*, it seems more appropriate, because *Funnyworld* readers can be expected to know the original and understand that a particular reference is being made. But if *Works of Art Comics* is sold in a gallery (and if the originals are hung in a gallery) where its intended audience is not aware of the original, then their critical opinion can only be distorted, because the very best part of most of these illustrations is the figure posing and the composition, and these Fawcett is not responsible for.

Of course, they *do* know that he's using Disney characters. Which is a lot more than one can say for Maurice Sendak's wholesale appropriation of Winsor McCay's style in his children's book *In the Night Kitchen*. Sendak has laboriously copied every facet of McCay's style; his figure structure, his unusual penwork and heavy figure outlines, the very bed that Little Nemo slept in, even McCay's decade (natural to McCay since he lived then, but an artificial reconstruction for Sendak). If Sendak had prominently dedicated his book to Winsor McCay, then one could consider his book a homage or pastiche, but the general public is unaware of McCay's work and Sendak seems content to let it remain so.

Your continuing coverage (in *Funnyworld* No. 12) of the underground comics was very interesting. Your comments are very perceptive and one can't read them without learning something about one's own opinions. I found myself skipping from one sentence to the next, fairly bursting to agree wholeheartedly here, to "set you straight" on a point there.

If the two can be separated, I find myself more in agreement with your comments on technique and style than with what you say about the stories and ideas being expressed. For example, your comment, "Rodriguez uses his crudity, he isn't restricted by it," strikes me as important, not only about Rodriguez, but about many underground artists. For example, Art Spiegelman recently told me that he was finding it difficult to maintain the level of crudity that he felt was necessary in order for his work to have the vitality he wanted.

On the other hand, I have to disagree with you when you hold up Greg Irons' Altamont story as an example of sharper underground material. His view of Altamont is hardly original — that's not "real satire," that's "*Village Voice* earnestness," of a banal sort (his linking of Calley and Manson in *Legion of Charlies* was done much better in a brief piece in the *Voice* than postulated the two sharing a national political ticket).

Neither can I agree with your description of "the high tide of sludge" in this field. I get a great many underground comics and read them as soon as I get them because they entertain me (as compared to my foot-and-a-half stack of unread new four-color and Warren-type comics). It's ironic that the regular comics are excused for not exploring new areas because they are supposed to be an "entertainment" medium. It's my feeling that most of the underground cartoonists are not "artists" seeking total freedom for their "art." They're entertainers for the most part. (And, just as Gil Kane speaks of regular comics artists expressing their fantasies in their work, so do the underground artists.) I'm convinced that most readers of underground comics pick them up with exactly the same attitude that the average (non-fan) kid picks up a *Spider-man* — they're looking for a half hour of entertainment.

I'm all for the analysis in very exacting terms of comics, underground and otherwise, but this analysis should always keep sight of the fact that the material must first be entertaining.

Coming in future issues: Bill Blackbeard on Pogo's predecessors . . . Kim Weston on the unpublished Carl Barks . . . Mike Barrier on books about Walt Disney and books about comic books . . . Graham Webb and Hames Ware on cartoon voices . . . Maggie Thompson on Walt Kelly's Peter Wheat . . . plus new comics, interviews, articles, and reviews.

KATZ'S catastrophe

TUCKED AWAY DEEP IN A COOL MOUNTAIN GLADE WAS THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE CAT FAMILY...

FOR MANY CENTURIES CATSKILL HALL HAD BEEN PASSED DOWN FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION...

CATSKILL HALL

WELCOME

THE MANOR'S PRESENT OCCUPANTS WERE THE WIDOW, CATERINA CAT AND HER SON, KATZ...

NOW CATERINA WAS ONCE THE PROUD WIFE OF TUNA FISH TYCOON, CATKIN CAT...

DEAR OLD DAD

UNFORTUNATELY, THE TIMES BEING AS THEY ARE, HER INHERITANCE HAD RAPIDLY DWINDLED... CATSKILL HALL'S LAST MORTGAGE PAYMENT WAS LONG OVERDUE AND THERE WERE NOT ENOUGH FUNDS TO MEET IT...
CATERINA WAS IN GRAVE DANGER OF LOSING HER FAMILIES PROUDEST POSSESSION...

FORECLOSURE NOTICE

DEAR MRS. CAT,
YOU WILL PAY $437.18 TO US AS OF MARCH 18 OR WE WILL FORECLOSE THE MORTGAGE ON CATSKILL HALL AND EVICT YOU AND YOUR SON... THIS IS YOUR FINAL NOTICE...
THANK YOU,
BEN E. FICIAL
BEN E. FICIAL
PRESIDENT
FINANCE COMPANY
"YOU'RE GOOD FOR MORE"

AND WHERE WAS CATERINA'S SON, KATZ?
WHY WASN'T HE OUT EARNING THE $437.18 TO SAVE THE FAMILY HOMESTEAD?

IT SEEMS HE WAS FLOPPED ON THE COUCH AND WAS DEEPLY INVOLVED WATCHING FELIX THE CAT RERUNS ON TV...

KATZ, HAVING LIVED THE LUXURIANT LIFE BEFITTING THE SON OF A TUNA FISH TYCOON, HAD GROWN QUITE LAZY AND SHIFTLESS. HE HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT WORK AT A VERY EARLY AGE... POOR CATERINA...

KATZ MADE SURE HE PUT IN A SOLID EIGHTEEN HOURS OF SLEEP A DAY. BUT THEN THINGS WERE A LITTLE DIFFERENT DURING THE NIGHT TIME...

CAROUSING AND CATERWAULING WERE THE MAIN EVENING ACTIVITIES...

KATZ WAS TRULY "THE CAT'S PAJAMAS"...

"... AND WHEN THE MOON GETS UP
AND NIGHT COMES,
HE IS THE CAT THAT
WALKS BY HIMSELF,
AND ALL PLACES ARE ALIKE TO HIM."
RUDYARD KIPLING

WHEN HE SAW FIT TO DRAG HIS TAIL HOME IN THE WEE HOURS OF THE MORNING, KATZ WAS QUITE STONED AND NEPETA CATARIA WAS THE CULPRIT...

OH YES, FOR ALL YOU FOLKS WHO FLUNKED BOTANY AND LATIN... NEPETA CATARIA IS OF COURSE. THAT EVIL WEED THAT'S BLOWN MANY A YOUNG CAT'S MIND... CATNIP!

I'M LITTLE CLARENCE CATNIP AND ONE TINY TASTE OF ME... WILL START YOU ON A TRIP THAT'LL PUT YOU UP A TREE...

LATE ONE NIGHT, KATZ WAS TRUCKING ON HOME, STONED AGAIN...

LITTLE DID HE KNOW, A SURPRISE WAS WAITING FOR HIM AT HIS FRONT DOOR...

KATZ'S MOTHER HAD BEEN PUSHED TO THE LIMIT BY HER FREE-LOADING SON...

A NOTE TACKED TO THE FRONT DOOR ORDERED KATZ FROM THE HOUSE... HE COULD ONLY RETURN HOME WHEN HE HAD EARNED THE $437.18 NECESSARY TO MEET THE LAST MORTGAGE PAYMENT.

IT WAS A DRASTIC MOVE FOR ANY LOVING MOTHER TO TAKE... BUT IT WAS HER ONLY HOPE...

NEEDLESS TO SAY, KATZ DIDN'T APPRECIATE THE NOTE ONE LITTLE BIT...

CATASTROPHE HAD ENTERED HIS TINY WORLD...

RING BELL

KATZ

SHEE...
PARENTS CAN BE A BRING-DOWN AND A HALF WHEN THEY WORK AT IT!

BACK DOWN THE ROAD HE WENT... ONE VERY DEJECTED PUSSYCAT.

SIGH

HEY CAT-MAN... WHATS HAPPENIN' DOG GOT YOUR TOUNGUE

WHY IT WAS KATZ'S BUDDY... CATFISH CAT, THE WATERMELON FREAK...

NASHVILLE CATS THINK CREAM IS COUNTRY WATER

THE CATFISH HAS A HINT SO ALL YOU FRUIT FOLKS CAN ENJOY YOUR MELON MORE...

TAKE YOUR SPIKE AND ONE QUART OF VODKA AND SHOOT YOUR MELON FULL UP BEFORE EATING.

WOO-EEE MAMA... THAS' GOOD!

86 PROOF
ONE QUART
SMEAR OFF VODKA

MAN... I KNEW WHEN ONE OF YOU BLACK CATS CROSSED MY PATH I'D HAVE A RUN OF BAD LUCK. MY OLD LADY JUST THREW ME OUT!

THATS CATACLYSMIC MAN... CATACLYSTIC.

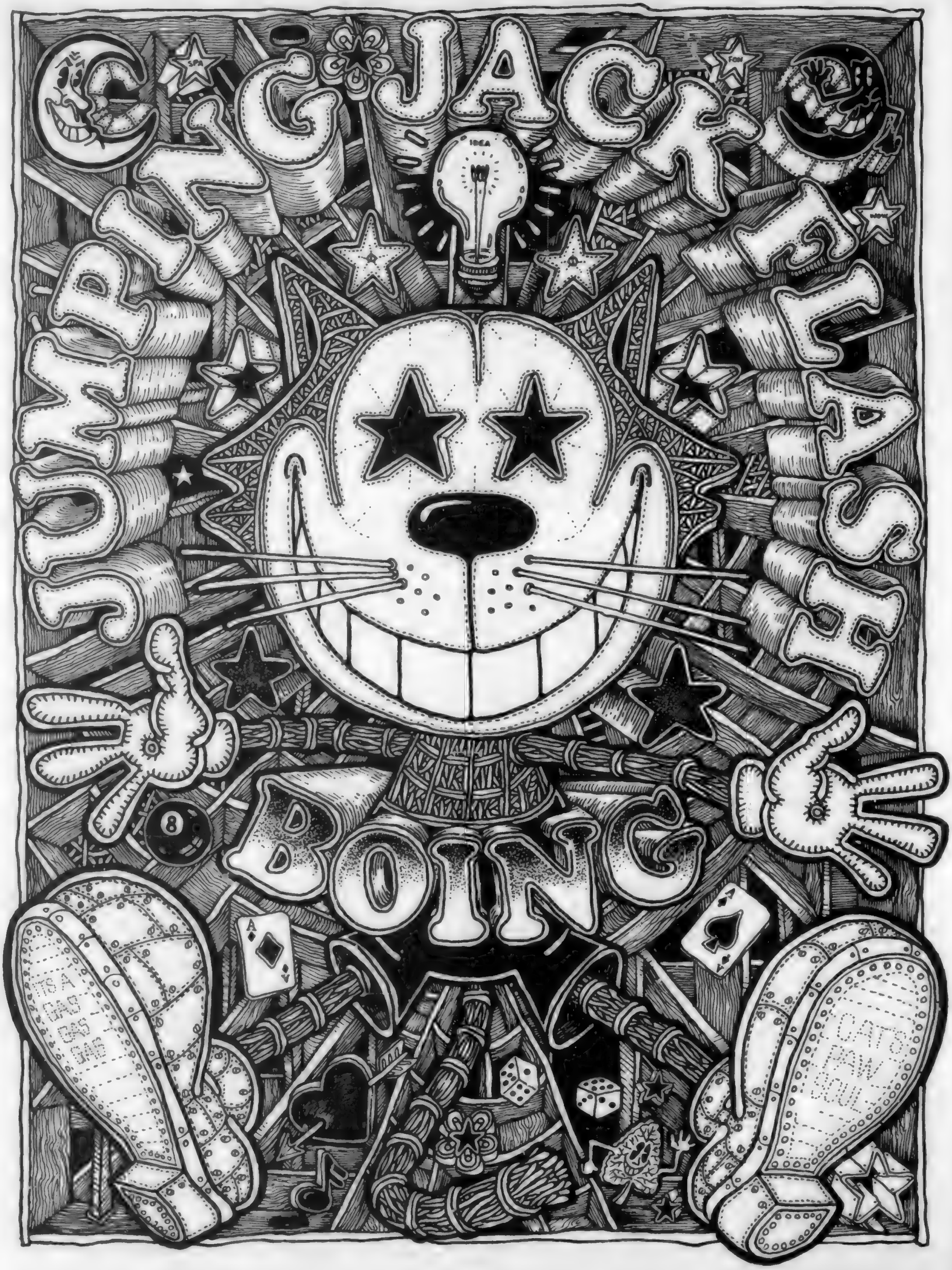
YEAH... NO MORE SARDINES AND CAVIAR...
NO MORE SUBSCRIPTION TO "CAT FANCY"...
NO MORE CAT NAPS IN MY CAT'S CRADLE...
NO MORE SAILING IN MY CATAMARAN...
NO MORE KNOCKING DOWN TREES FOR FUN
IN THE OLD CATERPILLAR TRACTOR...
NO MORE CATSUP!

KATZ, THATS CATASTROPHIC!
HERE BABY, HAVE SOME CATNIP... ITS NOT TOO GREAT, THE NEW DEALER CUTS IT WITH OREGANO... BUT IT WILL STILL GET YOU OFF.

THANKS...
YEAH, MY MOTHER WON'T LET ME BACK IN 'TILL I COME UP WITH ENOUGH BREAD TO PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE ON THE OLD HOUSE. I'VE NEVER WORKED A DAY IN MYLIFE... THE ONLY THING I DO WELL IS GETTING STONED...

AND YOU DO THAT BEAUTIFULLY!
YOU KNOW, WHAT THIS WHOLE COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GOOD FIVE CENT HIGH...

HUH...
YE CATS!

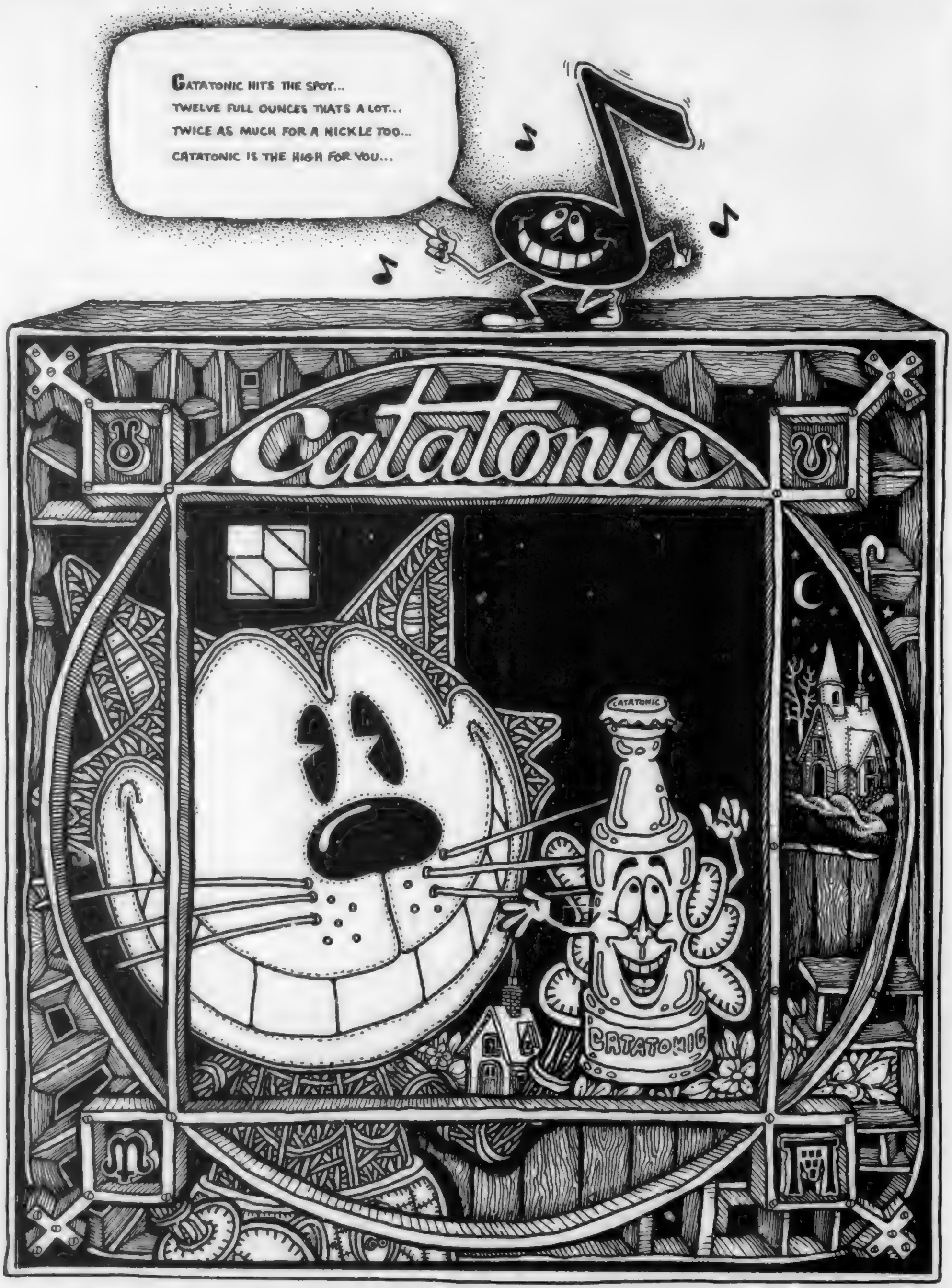

JACK
BONES
IDEA
FOOL
8
A
A
CAT'S PAW SOUL

SHORTLY THEREAFTER, THE NATION'S MANY TELEVISIONS RANG FORTH WITH THE NEWS...

YOU DON'T WANT ANOTHER DILL PICKLE...
WHEN YOU CAN GET ME FOR ONLY A NICKLE...
I'LL POUR DOWN YOUR THROAT IN ONE COOL TRICKLE...
THEN WATCH YOUR HEAD FOR A HECK OF A TICKLE...

CATATONIC

CATATONIC


CATATONIC HITS THE SPOT...
TWELVE FULL OUNCES THATS A LOT...
TWICE AS MUCH FOR A NICKLE TOO...
CATATONIC IS THE HIGH FOR YOU...
Catatonic
CATATONIC
CATATONIC

HEY GANG... KATZ HERE...
ASKING YOU TO BE THE FIRST CAT ON YOUR BLOCK TO BE DESTROYED
WITH CATATONIC, OUR BRAND NEW 5¢ CATNIP WINE...
ITS STUPEFYING!
YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT CATATONIC'S ACTION IS TO BE USED... NOT ABUSED...
DON'T MISS OUT FOLKS... ITS AVAILABLE RIGHT NOW AT ALL LOCAL STORES.

YOU DESERVE A TREAT TODAY...
SO GET OFF AND GET AWAY...

CATATONIC... THE PURR-FECT SUPER SAUCE!

THE VERY NEXT DAY...

HEY CLYDE... DID YOU SEE THE JUICE OUR LIL' BUDDY KATZ WAS PUSHING ON THE TUBE LAST NIGHT?

YEAH... I BOUGHT A BOTTLE THIS MORNIN' AND IT WAS DEELIGHTFULL... NO JIVE...

IT SEEMS EVERYONE HAD HEARD THE NEWS...

THAS' GOOOOD!

BURP.

TRY IT... YOU'LL LIKE IT!

WE CAN SELL IT TO THE MILITARY AS A NEW SECRET WEAPON...

WOW! IT SURE DOESN'T TASTE LIKE TOMATO JUICE...

ZOWIE!

TOWN HALL

BUY ME JUST ONE LITTLE BOTTLE, BIG BOY... AND I'M ALL YOURS...

SUPER SUDS!

HIC

HOO HAH

KATZ HAD DONE IT...
AMERICA WAS BUYING CATATONIC
AND THE MONEY WAS ROLLING IN...
HE PAID THE MORTGAGE,
BUT NOW A SURPRISE AWAITED
HIS MOTHER CATERINA...

HI MAMA... BEEN WHEELIN' AN' DEALIN'. I'VE SOLD THE OLD HOUSE TO SOME MICKEY MOUSE AMUSEMENT PARK COMPANY... THEY'RE GONNA USE IT FOR A HAUNTED HOUSE AT THEIR NEWEST PARK IN FLORIDA...

BUT DON'T GET UPSET... I'VE BOUGHT YOU AN INCREDIBLE NEW PLACE AND A WHOLE ISLAND TO PUT IT ON.

GET YOURSELF TOGETHER MAMA... THE CAT FAMILY IS MOVING UP IN THE WORLD...
THANKS TO CATATONIC OUR MONEY TROUBLES ARE OVER...
N' YOU'RE GONNA LOVE IT!

DEED TO CATALINA ISLAND

WOW...A NEW HOME FOR US!

AND A WHOLE ISLAND TOO...!!

AND WHEN WE GET THERE LITTLE MAMA...
YOUR SON, THE BUSINESSCAT, WHO FILLED
A GREAT AMERICAN NEED AND
BECAME VERY RICH INDEED,
IS GOING TO BE ONE
HAPPILY STONED PUSSYCAT
FOREVER MORE...

AND THAT HAS
GOT TO BE THE LIVING END...

CATATONIC

HEH HEH HEH

Tex Avery:
The Warner Years

Courtesy of Bob Clampett

The Termite Terrace crew in 1935: Avery is standing in the center, with four of his animators (left to right), Virgil Ross, Sid Sutherland, Chuck Jones, and Bob Clampett.

Courtesy of Fred S. Niemann

Avery (center) discusses the storyboard for a new cartoon, circa 1937, with story men George Manuel (left), and Ted (later Tedd) Pierce (right).

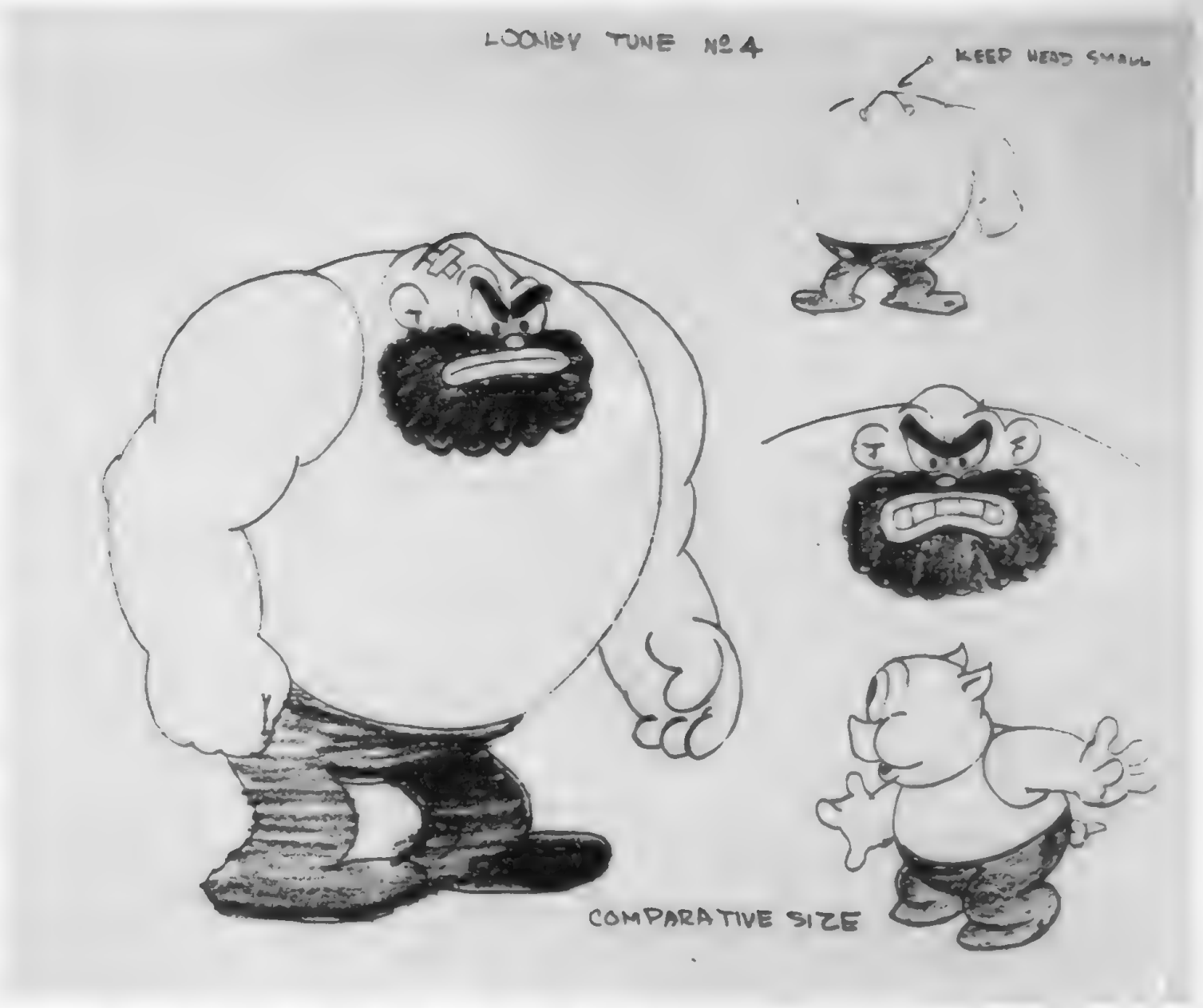
Tex Avery went to work for the Leon Schlesinger studio (where the Warner Brothers cartoons were made) in 1935, and remained there, as a director, until he left for MGM in 1941. On these two pages are photos and drawings, from the collections of Bob Clampett and Fred Niemann, that provide a glimpse of Avery at the Warner studio, as he developed the style that blossomed in his MGM cartoons.

Avery, when he came to the Schlesinger studio, was given a unit that was extraordinarily rich in talent — of Avery's animators, Bob Clampett and Chuck Jones later became the brightest stars among the Warner directors, and Robert (Bobe) Cannon was one of the most admired of all of Hollywood's animators for many years. The Avery unit was assigned to a wooden building nicknamed Termite Terrace by its occupants.

Avery at first directed mostly Porky Pig cartoons (such as *Porky the Wrestler*, a 1936 release), but in his later cartoons, new characters appeared — first Daffy Duck, in *Porky's Duck Hunt*, and then, in his definitive form (after a few false starts in other directors' cartoons), Bugs Bunny. These exuberant new characters could support the more daring, energetic style of comedy that had been gathering steam in Avery's cartoons almost from the start.

Avery also made many cartoons without the established Warner stars; one of the earliest was *I'd Love to Take Orders From You*, about a little scarecrow who is routed by a crow. The crow is frightened away in turn by the scarecrow's father, and the crow's reaction — his "take" — when the father appears was animated by Bob Clampett. As a guide for the timing of his animation, Clampett photographed Avery performing that same "take"; part of that film is reproduced at the right.

The people who make cartoons are prone to draw one another as well as the characters who appear on the screen, and in one such drawing — reproduced at the right — Avery depicted himself sternly rejecting some naughty sketches by Jones and Clampett. "In his early Warner Brothers days," Clampett has recalled, "Tex was very nervous about using wild, sexy gags. Chuck is showing him a cow with udders, and I'm showing him a fan dancer — and he's giving us his 'eh-eh' head shake." *Mike Barrier*



Courtesy of Bob Clampett

A model sheet for Avery's Porky the Wrestler *(1936).*

Courtesy of Bob Clampett

Avery's cautious attitude toward sex soon changed, as you can see on the next page.

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From Red Hot Riding Hood (1943). This saucy sexpot — animated by the great Preston Blair — was the cause of the libidinous fireworks in most of Avery's cartoons about sex.

TEX AVERY
and the pleasures of the flesh

By JOE ADAMSON

The best absurdity, of course, springs from a hard core of reality, and in the presence of a reality as powerful and pervasive as That Old Demon Sex, Tex Avery had a chance to perform miracles. The knots of sexual anxieties, fevers, and inhibitions into which we are willing to tie ourselves have been explored fully and brilliantly in obsessionist studies like Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, Kubrick's *Lolita*, and Bunuel's *El*, but Avery with his comic relief managed to gaily *untie* the knots in a series of dizzying orgies of sexual frenzy no child should be allowed to see. The hyperbole in this case is strictly Aristophanic, and bears a boiling blood relation to the Dionysian Phallic Rites all comedy is rooted in. Nothing could be more central to the spirit of comedy, in fact, than the question of sex, and the combination of charming ferocity and frightening delirium that constitutes Avery's answer.

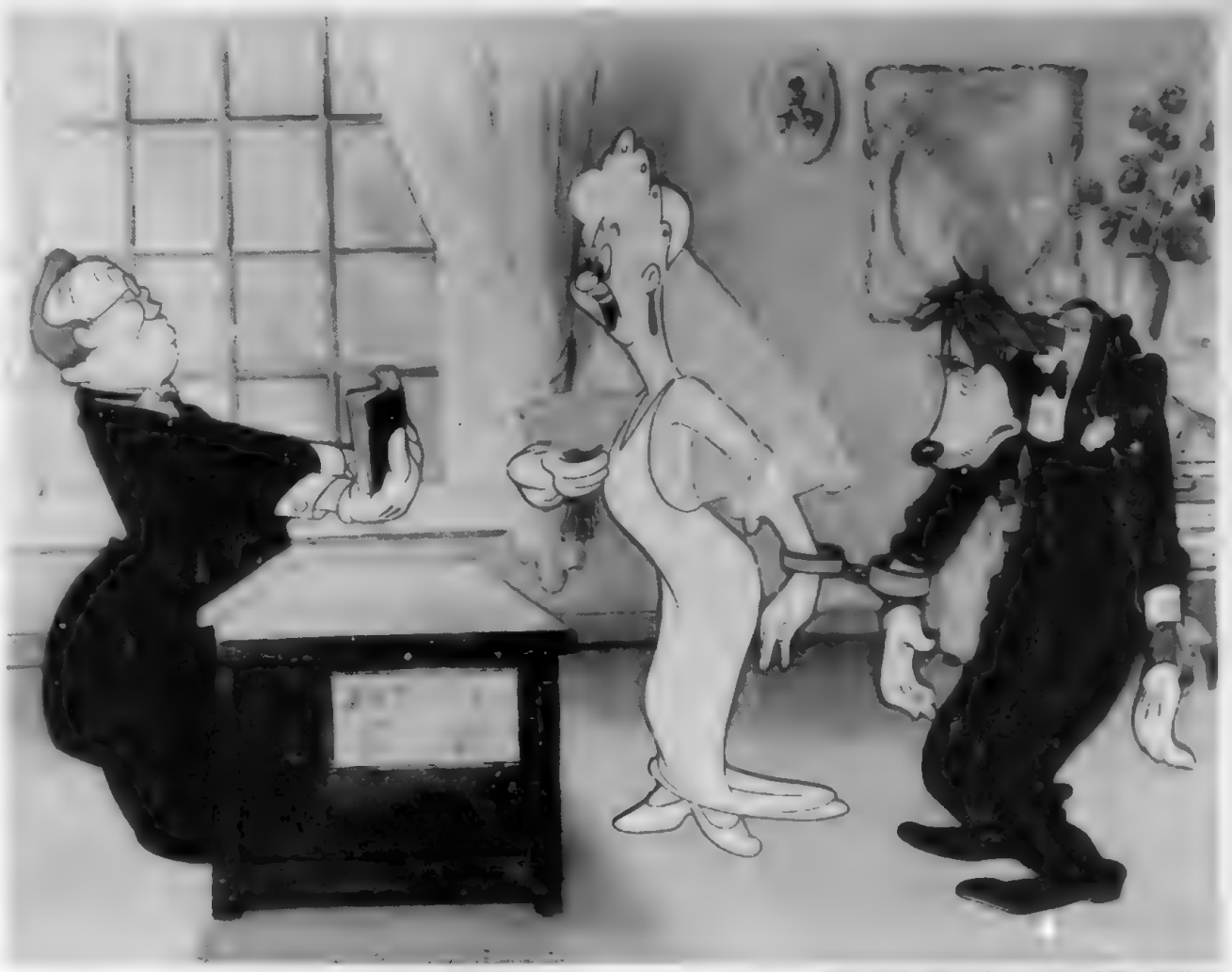
Like many of the concerns and characters of Avery's MGM films, the sexual frenzy begins within the first year. Avery's third film for MGM, *Red Hot Riding Hood* (1943), starts out, in true-to-form parody of the Harman and Ising style, with a Tootsie-Fruitsie narrator gushing out, "Good evening, kiddies! Once upon a time Little Red Riding Hood was skipping through the *wood!* She was going to her grandmother's house to take Grandma a basket of *nice goodies!*" He doesn't get very far with these goodies before the Wolf, who's supposed to pounce on Red Riding Hood, turns around with an unbeatable world-weary, angry-sad, Toshiro Mifune

expression, and pounces on the narrator. His plea for deliverance is backed up by Red Riding Hood's, and finally even Grandma chimes in, "I'm plenty sick of it myself!"

Whereupon the action shifts to Grandma's Penthouse (with a neon sign flashing "COME UP AN SEE ME SOMETIME") and the Hollywood Night Club where Red Riding Hood works ("30 Gorgeous Girls — No Cover"). The Wolf becomes a zoot-suited, chain-swinging, two-mile-car-driving Hollywood Hipster Wolf, a sort of caricature of a popular expression. (And, as always in Avery, the unabashed crudity is a simultaneous celebration and satire. The 1942 images of "Now" are, like the sex, poured on just heavily enough to be embarrassing, till the tension is stretched and then broken with some far-fetched insanity that makes a joke out of everything.) The Wolf loses all the cool he is given when he catches sight of Red Riding Hood doing her "Hey, Daddy!" number. He howls, whistles, stomps, claps, loses his eyeballs, pounds on the table with his fists and with a chair, smashes himself on the head with whatever's handy, and otherwise finds noise so necessary he must employ a whistling, stomping, and clapping machine to keep up with his excitement. (The movement of the dancing Miss Riding Hood is worth getting excited about, too, not only for the obvious reasons, but because her sprightly animation is being performed without benefit of rotoscope or even live-action footage for study. The animation of humans is a tricky business, and in a medium more adaptable to rubber-limbed ducks and wise-cracking rabbits, the wriggling of Avery's bouncy starlets serves as a joyful beacon to the world, and a shining example to shame the plasticine, programmed impersonalities of Disney's heroes and heroines.)

The Wolf chases Red clear to Grandma's, only to make the discovery that Grandmother sports as active a libido as he does and, all of a sudden, just as much energy. The chase that now ensues — the Wolf frantically dashing for exits that persist in disappearing, and engaging in desperate footraces through a parody of MGM penthouses that seems to cover acres — gets us catastrophically close to a direct reverse of the original story, in the shape of Grandma eating the Wolf.

Red Hot Riding Hood is a nice film, one capable of knocking an audience on its heels and elsewhere, and a genuine delight to the uninhibited and the over-inhibited who prefer such honest



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From Red Hot Riding Hood. *The justice of the peace strongly resembles Tex Avery.*

hysteria to the fairy tales we're usually handed. And yet it's only a come-on for what's to follow.

The Shooting of Dan McGoo (1945) takes the idea further and mingles it with several other forms of Avery comedy. A burlesque (in both senses) of (and Avery's second stab at) Robert Service's serviceable poem, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" (which is acknowledged in a straight-faced prologue), it will take a line like "A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute Saloon," and turn it into an excuse to stage a hundred versions of *The Spoilers* going on at once: a tumultuous cacophony of whooping and hollering, dancing and gunfighting, somersaulting, halooing, strangling, kicking, running, machine-gunning, drinking, wailing, carousing, and any other unseemly and unlikely behavior capable of being jammed into one frame.

The "lady that's known as Lou" gets introduced as the stripper sensation of the joint, and she does one rousing chorus of "Put Your Arms Around Me, Wolfie, Hold Me Tight," which rouses the Wolf no end. His eyes burn straight through the menu in front of him, he smashes his head with a mallet and turns it into a Jack-in-the-Box, he kicks himself behind the ear as part of some perverse notion of a donkey imitation, he slams his head against a nearby post and in the excitement chomps away at the post as if it were a giant carrot, he beats his chair against the table, he beats his head against the table, he picks the table up and beats it against the floor.

Phlegmatic Droopy emerges triumphant in the end, but the fadeout can't arrive before he's had his share of whoops and hollers and carryings-on in direct imitation of the villain he's just demolished. In these pictures, the guy who loses his head over some girl, and most of his other bodily parts in the process, is usually smashed to pieces, or put away through some more euphemistic process, to provide the moral retribution. But morality in a comedy exists only to be denied, and the guy is only put away to prove that the carryings-on can carry right on without him.

Another fairy tale gets the wise-ass treatment in *Swing Shift Cinderella* (1945) in which Grandma's magic power enables the young starlet Cinderella to enter this century ("You do wave a mean wand," she's told) and perform in a posh nightclub (which advertises "Fights Nightly"), where her "Oh, Wolfie" routine ("Oh, Wolfie! Oh, Wolfie! Ain't you the one!") drives the Wolf up the wall. Grandma also has the power to equip herself with a spiffy motor scooter, and, her clamorous, throaty growl reverberating madly through her apartment, she drives the Wolf even further up all four walls.

The sexual furor makes a return in *Wild and Woolfy* (1945 again), surroun-

ded by the elements of a Droopy Western. *Uncle Tom's Cabana* (1947) provides a lot more laughs and goes to great lengths in all directions at once. Uncle Tom is a grand old black man (not so much a caricature as a parody of a caricature), seen informing a crowd of knee-high listeners of his contretemps with Simon Legree. He first impresses them with a series of personification gags, demonstrating how Mr. Legree ("Old Ladies Tripped; Kittens Drowned") was (literally) two-faced, a snake, and rolling in dough (one of these at a time), while Starvation stared Uncle Tom in the face (in the form of a marvelous wizened old green ghoul morosely fixated on him). The swinger in this case is Little Eva, whose "penthouse" is a full-sized Tara mounted on the top of a skyscraper. Eva becomes the star attraction in the swinging nightclub ("No Dogs Allowed; Wolves Welcome") ol' Tom fashions out of his tiny cabin, and, in the calculated caprice we have come to expect in these cartoons, the minuscule shack is soon surrounded by a two-acre parking lot jammed full of automobiles and seven mobs of customers patiently waiting outside for their turn.

The sex-kitten purrs of Little Eva and her rendition of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" send Simon Legree into what must be at once the most graphic and the least suggestive images of erotic fascination ever presented. He starts innocently enough by sailing straight up, ass first, to the tone of the music. He shakes a stalk of celery over the salt shaker, and munches on the salt shaker. He butters his knuckles and chews both arms past the elbow. Coolly, he lights his nose; then, extending the metaphor, he takes his nose off and crushes it out in the ashtray. Presented with a whole pie, he cuts a large slice out of the table and devours it. These are the *tame* reactions. Only after these are done is he permitted to go whole hog and eat the crockery, shatter it over his head, smother himself in ketchup, and brain himself repeatedly with the dinner table.

The energy that's been worked up this way is expended for us by Mr. Legree in an all-out war with Uncle Tom that serves as a climax upon a climax. Avery was smart enough, after *Red Hot Riding Hood*, to move the sexual arousal sequence to the end of the film, where it could bring everything to a suitably noisy finish. Now he's elevated the sexual arousal to a high point in comedy barely suggested by its primitive beginnings in that early film, and the challenge of having to follow it with something *better* is formidable indeed. But this he does, in a Tex Avery Apotheosis of wild storytelling that has Uncle Tom fastened to a powder keg, riddled with machine gun bullets, thrown off a cliff, fed to an alligator, tied to the railroad tracks and run over, and tossed into a sawmill and split in two. Quickly, we are presented with a chase across the Sahara Desert involving elephants and camels, and a battle with steam-rollers, rocket guns, dive bombers, battleships, bazookas, a giant mallet, more machine guns, more alligators, and finally some yardage up the "Umpire State Building," concluded by Uncle Tom's being thrown off. "I fall down fourteen miles and hit on the pavement," he tells us, "—and right there is where I gets *mad!*" His revenge for these horrors is to pick up the Umpire State Building with his bare hands and hurl it and Simon Legree over the moon and into the Pacific Ocean.

Uncle Tom's audience, contrary youths that they are, are at pains to believe this story. "If'n it ain't the truth, I hope that lightnin' come down and strike me dead," solemnly intones the storyteller — whereupon lightning does come down and do exactly that, in a combination extension of the story and retribution for it, sending Uncle Tom blissfully off to that Paradise specifically reserved for Great Tellers of Tall Tales.

Little 'Tinker (1948) is next on the list of orgies, and most likely the strangest of all of them. The story concerns a lonely skunk and his search for love, an idea perhaps borrowed from Chuck Jones and his first two Pepe Le Pew cartoons — except that the timid, shy, sensitive main character of *Little 'Tinker* is a far cry from Jones' brash, over-confident Le Pew, and, besides, Avery has sprinkled more gags into this one tiny cartoon than you will find in all of Jones' fine expansive series. It's a curious examination of how many funny gags can spring from an unfunny idea, as we watch the gradations of reaction on the rabbits and squirrels in this sympathetic skunk's vicinity, the flowers instantly withering as he passes, and the fish who sprout feet for the purpose of vacating the lake — all leading up to the wise old owl who never makes a reaction, never even opens his eyes, just keels over, unconscious; it's also a neat example of how sympathy can be wrung from our hearts without making any apparent attempt at it.

Following the advice of a book on love he's been handed, the skunk dresses up as a Frank Sinatra imitation (accomplished principally by the reduction of his body to the diameter of telephone cord), and puts on a public serenade of "All or Nothing at All." With an eagerness and an intensity that is positively frightening, forty million rabbits spring up out of their burrows, holler "Frankie!", and begin driving themselves crazy over the sight of him; hopping around, sailing through the air, and smashing each other over the head with each other. Which constitutes in my mind one of the most devious gems of gag transferral in the history of comedy. Attributing sexual desperation to a horny old wolf, after all, is enough of a coup in the cartoon world; passing it on to a litter of adorable little bunny rabbits is one of the cruelest, most vicious gags Avery ever perpetrated.

When, finally, disguised as a fox, the fellow finds his own true love (another skunk disguised as a fox), he neatly deposits the useless book on love outside the red heart that closes in instead of the iris — providing Avery with one of his most beautiful endings, and one that tempers his fiendish delight at the excesses of the Wolf with a note of tenderness.

After six years and seven films, after developing one gag into a routine, building up the routine to an exorbitant height, and then adding a touching footnote to it, you would think that would be just about it. You would think he would have depleted his natural supply of sex gags and that anything coming after this would bear the pallor of strain and repetition. But no, it turns out this has only been so much build-up, so much enticement to take the thing even further. In 1949 Avery comes out with *Little Rural Riding Hood*, and not only does it put all the previous sex cartoons to shame, it does so without repeating a single gag from any of them. Like Harold Lloyd dangling on the side of his skyscraper in five different films, he has found the one situation so rich and full of potential that he can go on mining the same ore without a sign of ever running out.

Again we open up with a pretense of telling the story straight. Country bumpkin, adolescent Red Riding Hood

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Joe Adamson teaches film courses as an assistant professor at Pennsylvania State University, and is the author of a new book about the films of the Marx Brothers, Groucho, Harpo, Chico and Sometimes Zeppo *(Simon and Schuster). His book* Tex Avery, King of Cartoons *will be published in 1974 as a Curtis film paperback.*

(an ungainly creature one soon wishes to see speedily eaten) tells us she's on her way to her grandmother's house. But waiting in Grandma's bed is a country bumpkin Wolf, explaining to us that his intentions are not to *eat* the approaching creature, but (in his words) to "chase her and catch her and kiss her and hug her and love her and hug her and kiss her and hug her . . .," providing a disturbingly full illustration of his desires by writhing around on the bed with a blanket. But Red doesn't surrender too easy, and in the ensuing galloping around, the Wolf is once split in half horizontally by colliding with a French door, and once transformed into a swinging door and dissected vertically. Now, this kind of ribald physical distortion within the first minute of one of Avery's cartoons is a sure indication that there's great stuff to come. His talent for *building* one gag and one sequence upon another is too good to keep this from being an early giveaway. The one massive single shot that immediately follows is comedy enough for the finale of any normal cartoon. One poor victimized door is slammed in and around a single room, blithely creating doorways everywhere it lands, while Red Riding Hood and the Wolf appear at each new entry to slam the door anew, creating more. It's hard to believe that one door could have so many careers, but not much harder than the multiplicity of Wolves and Red Riding Hoods that seem to have appeared to keep up the momentum. (The talent of all Avery characters for dividing at random is matched by their ability to multiply without limit like amoebae and improper fractions.)

The commotion is halted by a telegram from the Wolf's City Cousin, telling him to come to the city, where the Red Riding Hoods are plentiful and the hunting is good. A picture of one is enclosed, and after the Wolf has indicated his approval by flying into several pieces, stretching his eyeballs from the ceiling to the floor, dropping his tongue to his shoes, and stomping his feet on his own head, he leaps in his jalopy and takes off for the City.

Once there, he proceeds to shatter all known laws of Newtonian physics and Einsteinian relativity searching his cousin's apartment and most of the adjoining apartments for the girl he's been promised, and with one CLOBBER! a baseball bat suddenly materializes, silencing both the Wolf and the soundtrack. The City Cousin, an ultra-smoothie who never bats an eyelash or opens an eye, informs the Wolf with a voice dripping from the back of his larynx, that "Miss Riding Hood is not here. We will meet her this evening at the club. But remember, here in the city we do not shout and whistle at the ladies." This advice proves all for naught as they arrive at "the club," the City Wolf in an icy demeanor that seems to suit the place, the Country Wolf climbing all over himself with excitement, his head and limbs revolving around his body like idling propellers, keeping up an unceasing babble of "Girls, girls, where's the girls, wanna kiss the girls, where's the girls, sure do love girls!" The City's version of Miss Riding Hood is our old favorite from most of the previous entries, performing a reprise of her big hit, "Oh, Wolfie," from *Swing Shift Cinderella* (an economy measure probably necessitated by the exorbitant nature of the rest of the film). From here on in, it's the old expression-repression routine, as the City Wolf, with his infuriating placid exterior, does his best to silence all of his Country Cousin's Yokel Yodels. One's eyes pop out, and when the other's hands rush forth to preserve decorum, the disembodied eyes slip, determined, through the fingers, repeatedly, each time they present themselves, whish-POP-whish-POP-whish-POP, forever. The City Wolf invites endless contortions and extortions, as all his attempts to jam his troublesome cousin's noisy face into untroublesome places like sleeves simply result in heads, arms, and whistles emerging from unsuspected spots on his own anatomy. The Country Wolf puffs feverishly on a cigarette, which makes an ash of itself, and his wolfish proboscis in the bargain, leaving both to crumble off and abandon the two undiverted eyes who remain as survivors. When this wholesale destruction and restoration is over, and the girl finishes her song, the Country Wolf rushes pell and mell toward the stage — only to be stopped by a mallet strung in his suspenders, and wheeled, squeaking, back to the car.

But the City Wolf's aggravating reservation, like the morality in the previous films, exists only to be ridiculed, and when he gets *his* chance to explode it's on a much more idiotic pretext. Having driven the Country Wolf home to remove him from the pressures of City life, he catches sight of the adolescent bumpkin who opened the film and goes to pieces over *her*. This gives the Country Cousin a chance to stash his exhausted relative into the car and charge back to the city again, thus proving that sex, wild reactions, and sound and fury are eternal. This brings to a trim little end one of the highlights of Avery's career, sharing a space alongside *Who Killed Who?*, *Bad Luck Blackie*, *Drag-a-long Droopy*, and a few others, as one of the greatest treasures of comic mayhem in the world.

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From Little Rural Riding Hood (1949). Avery's characters, such as the Country Wolf on the left, and the City Cousin on the right, perform their most dazzling feats when caught in the toils of lust.

Comix Con

By PATRICK ROSENKRANZ

Comic conventions are no new thing. Most major American cities have hosted at least one convention, and rabbles of rabid fans attend them — often traveling hundreds of miles to cop the action. The Berkeley Con last April was a new twist on an old formula — this time, underground comics were the focal point.

The Bay Area is the home for three-quarters of the underground artists and is the natural site for such an event. The show was organized by a new comic-book store in Berkeley, run by Bud Plant, the editor of the fanzine *Promethean Enterprises*. He has had a comic store and mail order business in San Jose for a few years, but is now actively expanding into the Bay area. Soon there will be a new store in San Francisco also. Gary Arlington, owner of the five-year-old San Francisco Comic Book Company, is losing his solo hold on the comic market there. He didn't show at the convention.

The profusion of underground titles was staggering. In 1968 there were only a few comix — *Feds N' Heads*, *Zap*, *Bijou*, *Yellow Dog* . . . Now there are easily over two hundred different comic books in print. The newcomer to the field would be confused as to what to buy or what it all means. The market is flooded with new books and artists and the competition for sales has increased. All the major California publishers had displays and tables and were passing out their catalogs. The business is booming. For the publisher, it's great; for the individual artist, it is often frustrating. Most publishers are swamped with comic contributions. It takes at least six months for work to see print, and often much longer. Not only do the new titles have to be printed, but all the good-selling old titles have to be kept in print. A popular book may go back to press a dozen times. A bad-selling title may hang around for years.

Everyone was wheeling and dealing. Some of the artists were there, trying to sell their latest ventures, or their stashes of old comics, to scratch up this month's rent. Big collectors — often cases of arrested development — bickered with pre-pubescent buyers over their wares. A representative from *Oz* in Great Britain was there trying to get British rights to reprint some of the underground comic books. The cartoon editor from *Playboy* magazine was there trying to sign up artists. Krupp Comic Works from Wisconsin and Last Gasp from Berkeley were working out details for a joint distribution setup. Everyone had their own hustle going.

An interesting development was that many artists were showing a greater willingness to do commercial work. The underground comic books don't really pay so well, and the cartoonists are tired of being poor. Several artists, including Art Spiegelman, Jim Osborne, Trina Robbins, Jay Lynch, and Justin Green have done illustration art for two girlie mags, *Dude* and *Gent*. Osborne abandoned a massive comic project, *Velvet Vice*, a four-volume study of decadence in a future San Francisco setting, and instead is doing Levi's ads for *Women's Wear Daily*. Gilbert Shelton is doing a commercial short film — combining animation and live action — called *Let My Chickens Free*. The economic realities of drawing and business are coming home.

The discussion panels were pretty dry. A panel on sex and violence in comics was changed to just sex, since no one seemed willing to talk against violence. The members of a women's collective that produced several all-women comics — *Tits and Clits* and *Wimmen's Comix* — were anxious to expose the rampant sexism in underground comics, but actually had little new to say. It was not a setting for an exchange of ideas among artists. The ideological lines have already been drawn between the factions of artists. Jay Kinney had even prepared a chart showing who stood where and with whom.

It was basically a businessman's convention. Nothing artistic was happening concurrently — no one was drawing or making a film of the event. It was a demonstration to the public that comix in America are alive and well and on the way up. As with most art movements, the originators have had little control over what directions the comix have taken. Many "old timers," who've been drawing comix all of five or six years, could be heard lamenting the unfortunate trends spoiling the ORIGINAL IDEAS behind underground comics. This lamentation was an oft-repeated one — only the ORIGINAL IDEAS changed depending on who was speaking.

END

Patrick Rosenkranz is the author of a forthcoming history of underground comics.

Spain Rodriguez (far left) speaks at a panel

Tom Veitch (left) and Greg Irons.

Art Spiegelman (left) and Justin Green.

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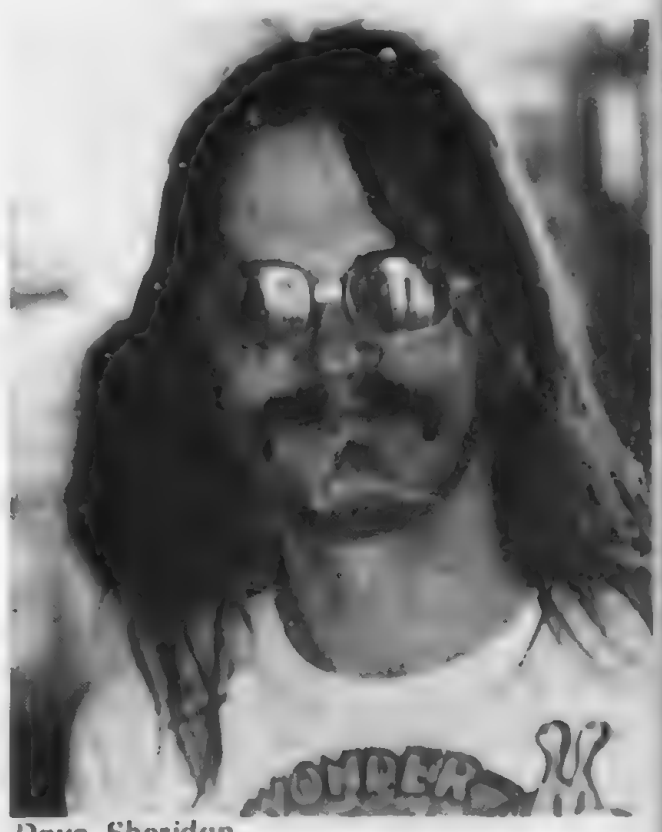
panel discussion of chauvinism in the comics.

An art display included these sculptures by Guy Colwell of his characters for Inner City Romances.

Publisher Ron Turner.



Dave Sheridan.

Comix dealer Bob Sidebottom.

Simon Deitch.

Photographs by the author

The Filming of 'Fritz the Cat'

Part Two

By MIKE BARRIER

The first part of this article, which appeared in Funnyworld No. 14, included biographies of Ralph Bakshi, the director of Fritz the Cat, *and Robert Crumb, the creator of the character Fritz, and described the circumstances that led to the production of the film.*

IV. Coast to Coast Animation

Even if Bakshi and Krantz had had no difficulties with Robert Crumb, or in finding a distributor, *Fritz* would have remained a quixotic enterprise. Bakshi and Krantz evidently had some doubts themselves about the wisdom of their venture; production was arranged so that the Harlem section of *Fritz* could be released as a fifteen-minute short subject if the money ran out. Not only was the budget small and Bakshi himself inexperienced in the production of feature cartoons, but the very idea of making a feature in full animation in New York City was folly.

No animated feature has ever been completed in New York City, although it has been a center of production much longer than Los Angeles. The fatal deficiency has been the absence of any tradition of quality. Walt Disney and the Hollywood cartoon directors who flourished in his wake had no counterparts in New York; the principal studios in New York during the 1930s, when Disney was on the rise, were Fleischer's and Terry's, and the people running them lacked the artistic drive that was apparent in Disney's cartoons.

The animation that emerged from the New York studios in the Thirties and Forties, and on into the Fifties, is, at its best, broad and vigorous and fully three-dimensional, but lacks the point and subtlety that great direction provides — or that great animators can provide, if they are given the time and the leeway to reshape a scene.

With no leadership from the top, gifted animators and story men and even directors were usually swamped in the prevailing mediocrity. But if conditions were so different on the two coasts, why did they stay in New York?

Ralph Bakshi has said that one reason he went to work for Steve Krantz in the first place was that he wanted to avoid going to California — "it was alien country to me." That is probably as good an answer as any. New York and Los Angeles have always been very different cities, and many people would simply prefer to live in one rather than the other, even at considerable personal and artistic cost.

The Paramount studio (the heir of the old Fleischer studio) closed in 1967, after a long decline; the Terrytoons studio, which had been moribund for several years, finally closed officially in 1972. But long before those two studios closed, the dominant position in New York animation had passed to television commercials. It's tempting to talk about animated commercials as if they contained some artistic advances, just as it's tempting to think that live-action commercials hold the seeds of great feature films. It simply isn't so. Animated commercials must catch the eye, and hold the viewer's attention briefly, and for this, striking designs are much more important than the animation itself. In only a few commercials — most of them the work of free-lancers like Bill Littlejohn — is this emphasis on design mixed with animation that is up to traditional standards. Many TV-commercial studios are crass, fast-buck operations, and in the work of only a few studios is there any concern evident for the art of animation. For the most part, the commercial studios — preoccupied as they are with patterns rather than movement — scorn the "Popeye animators" who were cast adrift by the closing of the studios that made theatrical films.

Such people bear what one assistant animator calls "the stigma of full animation," and it was animators of that sort that Bakshi gathered around him when he began work on *Fritz*. He dropped most of his old staff — people who had been making commercials and other limited-animation films — and hired cartoonists who were used to working in full animation. Marty Taras, John Gentilella and Nick Tafuri were the three most important, but there were others, like James Tyer and Larry Riley, all of them veterans of the Terry and Fleischer/Paramount studios. Animation began in June 1970.

The course of production after that was rough. Before animation can begin on a cartoon, there must be a certain amount of preparation — storyboards must be sketched out, voices recorded, layouts made, characters designed, and so forth. The amount of this preparation, and the nature of it, varies from studio to studio, and from director to director, and depends a great deal on the amount of money available. At the Disney studio, directors, animators, and story men have always had the time to get under each character's skin, establishing the characters' personalities and letting the cartoon take shape around them. At other studios — especially those making television cartoons of the Saturday morning variety — planning is often limited to the unavoidable, and at that, a lot may be left for technicians to salvage after the animation has been completed. Many studios of the past and present have fallen in between these two extremes, although in today's studios, steeped as they are in cynicism, the old striving toward the Disney method has been abandoned.

Even if Bakshi had wanted to follow the Disney method on *Fritz*, that route would have been closed to him; *Fritz* seems to have been a film on which almost everything was done out of necessity, and not by choice. As it turned out, Bakshi plunged into *Fritz* with only the most limited preparation. He was still recording dialogue in August 1971, more than a year after animation had begun, and apparently, there were never any complete storyboards for the film. Norm McCabe, who worked on *Fritz* for several months in Los Angeles, remembers, "When a sequence was picked up for animation it would include a few covering story sketches. I once asked him about a complete board and as I recall, Ralph answered, 'In my head,' and it could well be."

Bakshi has a streak of Barnum in him, and in 1971, he was talking about his difficulties as if they were advantages. In regard to the lack of complete storyboards, he said, "I don't like to jump ahead on my films. The way you feel

about a film on Day One, you may not feel the same way forty weeks down the road. Characters grow, so I wanted to have the option to change things, and strengthen my characters . . . It was sort of a stream of consciousness, and a learning process for myself."

That doesn't make a lot of sense, because if careful preparation for a picture has any purpose at all, it is to increase flexibility, rather than reduce it. Good planning for a picture illuminates the opportunities that are available to a director, rather than foreclosing them, just as a good layout — good staging — of a scene illuminates opportunities for an animator, rather than cutting them off. It is during the planning for an animated picture, in fact, that most of the director's artistic choices must be made; once the actual animation begins, barriers begin falling across the paths that were open to him. There is no real equivalent in animation to the improvisation that can take place during the shooting of a live-action film, unless there is enough time and money available to permit the individual animators to expand or contract their scenes. This was true at the Disney studio at one time, but normally the basic decisions about a picture must be made before the scenes are handed out to the animators.

Less than three months after defending his lack of preparation for *Fritz*, Bakshi offered another, more plausible reason for it: "I started *Fritz* without much preparatory work because I didn't want want to lay anyone off. I had these guys (the veterans of full animation), I was going to hold on to them. Always in the back of my mind was, what if I can't get guys to do it? Steve might go to Europe, or give the picture to another producer, in California. I was really panicked, so I started the thing hot, quick, and then worked around the clock trying to keep ahead of the guys."

What this meant in practice was that Bakshi and his layout man stayed only a few days ahead of the animators, who had to have the layouts to guide them in their work. Since the story had not already been worked out in storyboards, it evolved as the layouts were prepared. Bakshi relied at first on Crumb's comics, to the point that many layouts were taken directly from the panels in the Fritz stories, but by the time the studio moved to California, entirely new sequences were being added, and three or four alternative endings had been considered and discarded.

Once Bakshi had assembled the core of his staff — the most important, in addition to the animators, were Johnnie

Near the end of work on Fritz the Cat, *there was a fire in the building housing the Krantz studio, and animators had to rush to the street carrying boxes of unphotographed drawings.*

(Drawing by John Sparey.)

Vita and Ira Turek, who were the background artists, and Cosmo Anzilotti, who did the layouts — he had trouble adding to it. In both New York and California, some members of the staff did double duty — animators did layouts, Anzilotti did animation, and so on. Not only Bakshi but others who were on his staff remember that a parade of animators moved through the studio, each one working only briefly before Bakshi fired him or he quit. Even highly touted animators for TV commercials could not meet his standards. One animator accepted work on a footage basis — that is, he got paid according to how many feet of animation (on 35mm film) he turned out, instead of by the week — and an assistant animator on *Fritz* remembers that the animator found his assignments so difficult that he "just about made carfare into New York to deliver the scenes." Bakshi himself has said, of the New York animation, "There was no input from the animators; no one seemed to understand the film I was doing. They tried to keep making Fritz a little pussycat, have him run on all fours, stuff like that."

This gulf between what Bakshi wanted and what he got evidently extended to the layouts as well as the animation. One member of the New York staff says that Anzilotti's staging of each scene "almost invariably" fell short of what Bakshi wanted. Bakshi, the staff member says, "was continually trying to be as free as possible" in depicting both sex and violence, but "Cosmo always tended to be conservative."

Such problems could have been expected, since no one on Bakshi's staff had worked on anything like *Fritz* before; they must have constantly felt the tug of the old way of doing things. It was not until the promotional film was put together for Warner Brothers that anyone besides Bakshi had a good idea of what the movie was going to be like. "That five minutes of animation did it," one staff member says. "When we saw what it looked like, we saw we'd be able to pull it off. . . . That was like a turning point; we were shooting in the dark until then."

In November 1970, when Warner Brothers withdrew its backing, Bakshi's staff became even smaller; he kept only one animator (Gentilella), his layout man (Anzilotti), his background painter (Vita), and a few others, until the deal with Cinemation had been made and money was coming in again.

Despite all this, after almost a year the animation had been substantially completed, even though almost none of it had been photographed. Something like seven thousand feet had been completed by April 1971, according to animators who worked on *Fritz* in New York, although the amount of New York animation in the finished film is considerably less than that.

By April, Bakshi had antagonized many New York animators because of his tough standards, and he and Krantz were quarreling with the New York animators' union (which is oriented toward commercials, and not entertainment films) over Krantz's efforts to cut costs. On April 16, a Friday, Bakshi told his staff that he was going to Los Angeles to hire some new animators.

Bakshi and Krantz had considered moving to California before, and Bakshi had actually gone to Los Angeles early in 1970; at that time, *The Peg-board*, the newsletter of the Hollywood animators' union, reported that the Krantz studio had already decided to move to the West Coast. However, Vikoa, Inc. — a New Jersey corporation that makes equipment for cable television operations and runs some cable systems of its own — had acquired the Krantz company in August 1968, and, according to Krantz, Vikoa

vetoed the move to Los Angeles. Late in 1970, Vikoa dissolved its film division — the Krantz studio — and as of January 1, 1971, Steve Krantz Productions was established as an independent company, giving Bakshi and Krantz the freedom to move to California if they wished. Krantz says that Vikoa's opposition to moving the studio to California was one reason for his split with the company; Vikoa says that its film division was becoming a financial albatross.

The new arrangement left the Krantz studio with the ownership of *Fritz* free and clear, and with the distribution rights for Krantz's earlier films, although part of the proceeds from those films had to be passed on to Vikoa. The market for those earlier cartoons was none too strong, and that, Bakshi said, further tightened the financial squeeze on *Fritz*.

Although indications are plentiful that Bakshi had been planning a move to California for some time, he insists that it was not until he spent that April weekend in Los Angeles that he decided he wanted to make the move. "I went out here to hire more guys," he said late in 1971. "I needed help . . . And then I said to myself, how am I going to control guys animating on the West Coast? I had planned to work by mail. I decided the whole thing was crazy, and I've got to come out here. It happened that quickly."

Bakshi was back in New York on Monday, calling members of his staff and asking them to either come to the coast with him or work through the mail. (Johnnie Vita went west for a few weeks; Ira Turek left, too, and stayed in California; other members of the staff worked through the mail.) By April 23, the studio had closed and the move to California was under way.

There were other reasons besides its abundance of animators that made California attractive. Hollywood animators still work a forty-hour week, whereas New York animators have worked a thirty-five-hour week for years. The Krantz studio also got a warm welcome from the Hollywood animators' union, whose members have been plagued for years with a seasonal work schedule. Most production in Hollywood is geared to Saturday-morning children's TV programs, and since production of those shows is crammed into only five or six months, many members of the Hollywood union can find little or no work for half of the year.

By early in May 1971, the Krantz studio was set up in Hollywood, filling half a floor of a nondescript office building on Sunset Boulevard. Bakshi began hiring animators who were veterans of the great studios of the Thirties and Forties — Dick Lundy, Norm McCabe, Manuel Perez, Rod Scribner, Virgil Ross — and younger men — most notably John Sparey — from the same sort of background. Although these men came out of a tradition that was far superior to New York's, the facts of life in the animation business in 1971 were not much different in Hollywood than they were in New York.

Animation in Hollywood today suffers from more than the coldly commercial attitudes of most of the studios; it suffers as well from a sickness of spirit among the people who make up the rank and file of animators, story men, layout men and background painters. This malaise is marked by bitterness, griping, self-pity, defeatism — all the characteristics of trade unionism at its worst. Hollywood animation is heavy with men who are well into middle age or older, and many of them have lost whatever love they had for animation; many of the younger people coming into the field have no affection for it, either, having known it only since the television studios like Hanna-Barbera and Filmation acquired domination over the field. It is altogether too likely that the basic skills of animation — as opposed to the formulas that are used to grind out TV junk — will be all but lost in another ten or fifteen years, saved only by a few dedicated survivors from the "golden age" and a handful of younger men who have refused to surrender to the prevailing cynicism. Like monks in the Dark Ages, preserving and copying manuscripts, these people will be saving part of our culture from a barbarian horde.

Their job will be difficult because an animator's skills are highly perishable; animators must grow, or their skills decay. Many Hollywood animators, their growth stunted by the old studios' closings or by their own sloth, have remained in their traces, slogging through TV work that calls on only a fraction of the skills they once had. Ralph Bakshi found that some of the older men he hired had trouble working in full animation again, after so many years of limited animation for television. "Each guy took at least two weeks before he got anything out that we used," he said about a month after the Hollywood studio had opened. "Some of the guys couldn't believe it. I came in and said, 'It's limited, I don't want limited,' and they looked at me. A guy came in with forty feet the first week; I looked at it and said, "I don't like this footage,' and I threw it out. He looked at me, he walked away, he came back and said, 'You threw it out? Am I fired?' I said, 'No, man, do it again, but do it right,' You know, it was like that."

Late in August 1971, Bakshi dismissed seven of the people on his small staff, explaining that the money was running out and that he would rather keep a few people on the staff for as long as possible than keep everyone on the staff for a shorter period.

With a reduced staff, the film limped toward the finish line, but not without encountering some bizarre difficulties. By mistake, some artwork that had not been photographed for the movie was taken out of the studio for publicity pictures; some of it turned up damaged, and one background painting was found lying in a street a few blocks from the studio. A few weeks later, a fire in the building sent animators scurrying into the street with boxes full of drawings that had not been photographed. Despite these bad omens, animation was finally completed early in December 1971, and *Fritz* opened on April 12, 1972, at theaters in Hollywood and Washington.

V. A Strange Breed of Cat

The animated feature that emerged from all this travail is one of the most important cartoons ever made. In it, Bakshi established himself as almost the only cartoon director whose current work is worthy of serious attention.

This is so even though *Fritz the Cat* is, in many respects, a pretty bad movie.

In almost every way, *Fritz* is a patchwork film. Bakshi assembled his screenplay (that word is not usually appropriate for animated cartoons, but it is for this one, for reasons I'll explain later) from parts of three Crumb stories. The opening scenes are taken — with relatively few changes — from the Fritz story in the *Head Comix* book; the middle of the picture is based on "Fritz Bugs Out," with the scenes in Harlem greatly expanded from those in the book; the closing scenes draw on "Fritz the No-Good," although here Bakshi's hand is more in evidence than anywhere else in the movie. Bakshi interspersed material of his own throughout the picture — the pig policemen, for example, and the scene in the synagogue — but it was in the last half of *Fritz*, from the Harlem riot onward, that Bakshi really departed from Crumb. The movie is much grim-

mer than Crumb's stories past that point, and far more violent.

Even when he stuck pretty close to Crumb, Bakshi reshaped the Crumb stories in his own image. Bakshi is a New Yorker, and so Fritz is a New Yorker, too, even though Crumb's Fritz does not live there (he lives in only one identifiable city — San Francisco, in "Fritz the No-Good"). In the specifically Jewish elements — the synagogue, the Jewish policeman — Bakshi moved even further from Crumb, and closer to autobiography.

The problem with this is not that Bakshi departed from the letter of Crumb's stories — those stories are not Holy Writ — but that he so rarely improved on Crumb. For example, the sequence in the synagogue fails not because it is pure Bakshi, but because it is messy and confusing.

What is most aggravating about the screenplay for *Fritz*, however, is that Bakshi made such clumsy attempts to tie his loose ends together. In the film, Winston, Fritz's fox girlfriend, appears after the riot, and drives Fritz to the West Coast, just as in "Fritz Bugs Out"; but in that story, Winston had been introduced earlier, first in conversation and then in person. In the movie, those parts of the story were not used, and so Bakshi had to make a choice: should he simply introduce Winston without preparation, and trust the audience to figure out that she is Fritz's girlfriend, or should he find some way to bring her into the story earlier? Bakshi's solution is embarrassing in its crudity. At the start of the picture, when Fritz has lured three girls into a bathtub orgy, Fritz refers repeatedly to one of the girls as "Winston," even though there is little similarity in voice, personality or even appearance to tie the two "Winstons" together. To make matters worse, the bathtub "Winston" reappears at the end of *Fritz*, when the orgy is replayed in a hospital bed.

Many other characters are handled just as clumsily. For example, the pig policemen are comic bunglers on the order of the Three Stooges most of the time (Bakshi even called them "lovable cops" in one interview), and it is hard to accept the deaths of these two slapstick comedians at the hands of a mob of murderous crows.

In any event, *Fritz* is not offered to us as a "well-made" film, but as a portrait of the 1960s. According to one source, the film's opening reference to that decade was an afterthought; Bakshi supposedly realized that the subject matter might seem dated if he didn't tie it together with a theme of some kind. But, deliberately or not, *Fritz* really is about the Sixties, and it must be judged according to whether it gives us a sense of what life was like then. It fails because it has no fullness, no feeling of life beyond the screen.

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"Bakshi assembled his screenplay . . . from parts of three Crumb stories. The opening scenes are taken — with relatively few changes — from the Fritz story in the Head Comix *book . . ."*

Bakshi's failure can be measured by comparing the young revolutionaries in his film with those in Crumb's "Fritz the No-Good."

Crumb ridicules his revolutionaries, but gently — they are dangerous, but not nearly as dangerous as they'd like to be. They are naive, self-important, and casually destructive; their "ideals" are mere slogans. The attitudes of these revolutionaries were common in the late 1960s, and there are psychological bonds uniting them with other young people of that time, even those who did not want to blow up the Golden Gate bridge.

Bakshi's revolutionaries, by contrast, are cold and sinister, with strong homosexual overtones; more important, they are isolated maniacs. As such, they're reasonably interesting — but they have no place in a movie that proclaims from the beginning that it's about the 1960s.

Most cartoon-makers have not even attempted anything like what Bakshi attempted in *Fritz*. Traditionally, animation has been devoted to bringing to life characters who seemed to embody a wide variety of human experiences; they did not so much live in the world as carry it within them. In this respect, the animated cartoons of the Thirties and Forties were very much the heirs of the silent comedies of earlier decades.

Sometimes, though, animated cartoons have tried to give some sense of a society in which their characters live. In *Pinocchio*, for example, there is a very elaborate shot in which Gepetto's village bustles with life in the morning. This shot, for all the money and effort that went into it, is artificial and unconvincing, and for most of the picture, the village is nothing but a prop for the activities of the principal characters. It may be that the calculation and planning that must go into such animated scenes are simply too great, so that the scenes can no more seem natural and open than can a carefully choreographed ballet.

Fritz is the most ambitious attempt yet to bring to a cartoon some of the feeling of life observed, rather than life transformed by art. To some extent, Bakshi's poorly constructed screenplay gets in the way of this, because of the great grindings and crashings as the plot's gears fail to mesh. Bakshi was limited as well by his inability to handle scenes with a large number of characters in them. In such scenes, the effect is usually confusion, rather than abundance; there is a simple lack of coordination when more than two or three characters are in a scene. For example, at the start of the bathtub orgy, when Fritz and the three girls are alone in the tub, Manny Perez's animation is almost an improvement on Crumb, since it makes plausible the four bodies writhing in the tub; but as the room fills with other animals, and other animators take over, the screen becomes crowded and the characters' movements slip into mechanical patterns.

Sometimes, even when the individual scenes are adequate, the editing — and here Bakshi is clearly to blame — is deadly. This happens during the Harlem riot, which is crudely conceived and

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HEAVY TRAFFIC

Ralph Bakshi was thinking about his second feature cartoon a year before *Fritz the Cat* was released. At that time, he was talking about a "rock *Fantasia*," a musical anthology with Robert Crumb's Mr. Natural as host. In the succeeding months, this idea changed shape often. The Crumb connection was dropped and Bakshi talked of a feature that would be set in a Brooklyn bar; the characters in the bar would daydream as the music played on a jukebox, and we would share their fantasies. It appeared at one point that *Heavy Traffic* — that name had become attached to the project by early 1972 — might be based at least in part on Hubert Selby Jr.'s 1964 book, *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. No one who wished Bakshi well could have been happy about that, because Selby's book — it is a cross between a novel and a collection of short stories — is scrofulous and obsessive, the very qualities that marred so much of *Fritz*. The book is redeemed by Selby's compassion for his characters, but compassion was not Bakshi's strong point in *Fritz*. (Steve Krantz announced early this year that *Last Exit* would be filmed as a live-action movie, but the project was dropped after the Supreme Court's June rulings on obscenity.) There were also times when it appeared that *Heavy Traffic* might be dumped in favor of a feature cartoon about Dick Tracy, or one about Rudolph Valentino, or even an animated version of *The Lord of the Rings*.

Preliminary work on *Heavy Traffic* began early in 1972, and continued off and on despite such false alarms; a deal for the distribution of the picture was made with American International, which is not one of the major distributors but is at least a step up from Cinemation, the company that distributed *Fritz*. Animation on *Heavy Traffic* began in September 1972.

Despite the boxoffice success of *Fritz*, work on *Heavy Traffic* proceeded under much the same conditions. The budget was about the same, pencil tests were rare, the animators were rushed (animation had to be finished by April, so Bakshi's small staff had only about eight months to finish the picture), some of the work was done by New York animators through the mail, and the footage required was high — thirty feet of animation a week, as opposed to the twenty-five feet a week that had been asked for *Fritz* when production began in Hollywood. (However, the animators on *Heavy Traffic* did get good poses from the layout men, as they had not for *Fritz*.) As in New York, Bakshi tried and then discarded many animators — only this time, because of the success of *Fritz*, he could pick and choose from among many of the industry's famous names.

However, *Heavy Traffic* had to operate under a handicap that *Fritz* did not: a fight between Bakshi and Steve Krantz that resulted in Bakshi's being locked out of the studio in December 1972, for two and a half weeks. Krantz and Bakshi had quarreled and parted temporarily in the past, but this time it was more serious. Apparently, the dispute arose over Bakshi's plans — brewing for months — to leave Krantz and form his own studio. He began preliminary work on his third feature while still working for the Krantz studio. On December 4, members of the studio's staff arrived to find an armed guard at the door, and the locks changed. Krantz told the staff later that morning that he and Bakshi had broken up, implying that the cause was a quarrel over whether the

Krantz studio had first claim on the ideas that Bakshi was developing for the feature cartoons he planned to make on his own. Krantz hired a new director, a man named Gerrard Baldwin.

On December 20, Bakshi returned to the studio, as director. Krantz evidently needed Bakshi if he was to stay in the good graces of American International: Bakshi, for his part, could start his new studio free of legal problems only by completing *Heavy Traffic* for Krantz. Although the studio's atmosphere was curdled by the break between Bakshi and Krantz, the animation was completed, under Bakshi's direction, in April. The movie itself had been assembled in final form by the end of June, in time for an August premiere.

Krantz and Bakshi, their five-year association now ended, have begun production of new features. Bakshi has joined with Albert S. Ruddy — the producer of the enormously successful *The Godfather* — to direct four features; one may be live-action (Bakshi also could have directed live-action features under his contract with Krantz). The first feature for Ruddy will be *Coonskin*, with a cast of black characters. It is scheduled for release by Paramount in the summer of 1974; production began in July. Most of Bakshi's staff at the Krantz studio has followed him to his own studio.

Krantz had begun work, even before Bakshi left, on a second Fritz the Cat feature, to be called *The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat*. In this picture, Fritz will die eight or nine deaths, most of them while he is engaged in sexual or political athletics of some kind. There are at least two noteworthy aspects to this film. One is that the picture is being made at all, since Robert Crumb was opposed to even one Fritz feature; however, Albert L. Morse, a San Francisco attorney who handles copyright matters for Crumb, says that Krantz has the rights to make about as many Fritz films as he wants. The other is that the film was originally to have been distributed by Cinemation, which had been criticized by Krantz for "blatant pandering" in the advertising for *Fritz*. Jerry Gross, the president of Cinemation, replied to such criticism last December by telling a *Wall Street Journal* reporter, "When a man goes out to make an X-rated picture — and he uses the idea that this will be the first X-rated cartoon to raise money — it seems to me it's difficult to allude to high pretensions." This curious renewal of the alliance between Krantz and Cinemation ended in April, when Cinemation sold its rights to the sequel to

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a Dutch-owned company. As of September, American International, the distributor of *Heavy Traffic*, was scheduled to distribute the new *Fritz* movie as well.

Before the Supreme Court's June decisions breathed new life into the obscenity laws, there was every indication that *The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat* would be a slapped-together piece of animated pornography, as the original *Fritz* was not, despite its X rating. Since then, Krantz has been quoted as saying that the sequel's content will be toned down to avoid trouble with the censors.

Heavy Traffic is rated X, too, and like *Fritz*, it is a product of Bakshi's preoccupation with urban life at its harshest and ugliest. The life it shows bears a strong resemblance to Bakshi's own. This time, all the characters are humans, broadly speaking, and the central character is even drawn in a style close to Disney realism. This character is Michael, a young, unpublished cartoonist, the son of a bitchy Jewish mother and a gross Italian father (who is, it turns out, latently homosexual, like Selby's character Harry Black in *Last Exit to Brooklyn*). Michael has a black girlfriend — to complete the ethnic rainbow that Bakshi saw daily in Brownsville — and the supporting cast is filled with transvestites, Italian gangsters, and other such urban grotesques. *Heavy Traffic* is not entirely animated, but includes live-action footage, some taken from earlier films.

Bakshi plainly approached *Heavy Traffic* with more confidence than he did *Fritz*. Complete storyboards were prepared, but I have been told that the picture departs from them significantly. What mattered most on this picture, apparently, was not the storyboards, but rather that Bakshi had a clear idea from the beginning of what he wanted the picture to be like. Bakshi admits that *Heavy Traffic* falls short of what he hoped for, but it undoubtedly comes closer than *Fritz* did. *Coonskin* will come even closer, even though Bakshi will continue to labor under some handicaps, especially small budgets. Small budgets lead inevitably to high footage requirements, and thirty feet a week of good animation is a lot to ask even of dedicated animators, much less of animators who have grown used to turning out mediocre drawings with all the facility of workers on an assembly line.

However, Bakshi is gathering around him a small corps of young people who share his enthusiasm for animation's possibilities, and if he is not sunk by adversity — and if he does not sink himself with poor decisions, especially about stories — he could spend many years making animated films that are exciting in themselves, and not just as harbingers of better days to come.

Mike Barrier

A full review of Heavy Traffic *will appear in the next issue of* Funnyworld.

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even more crudely executed. Bakshi asks his audience to accept the bombing of Harlem — which is asking a lot — but the riot does not grow in a way that would make the bombing seem inevitable, rather than ludicrous. The editing reduces the violence to fragments, and so the political point that Bakshi wanted to make (which is underlined by a shot of the silhouetted figures of Mickey and Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck cheering the jets on) is presented to us naked.

There is much more to giving a sense of real life on the screen than simply filling it with people; even if Bakshi had successfully managed his large-scale scenes, he would still have been left with dialogue that served his purposes poorly, in different ways.

Bakshi tried to give his dialogue a rougher texture by improvising part of it, as in the scenes with the two pig policemen (Bakshi himself supplied the voice for the Jewish policeman, and his friend Phil Seuling did the voice for the other pig). More important, he recruited as voices people who were the real-life analogues of some of the characters in the film; his own father provided the voice of a rabbi in the synagogue. Bakshi says he went to Harlem with a tape recorder and spent several hours talking to blacks in a bar, and getting drunk with them as he asked them questions; most of his questions were based on a script, so that he could get answers that could be used as lines of dialogue in the film.

"First I hired this famous black writer and told him to go up there and get the answers for me, because I thought, what the hell am I going to do up in Harlem? He came back and said, 'Hey, man, no one's saying a goddamn word.' They were all uptight. But I didn't like the guy because he was pompous, and I thought, how can he relate to people? So I took my tape recorder, and went up myself, and it worked. None of it was paid for.

"Some guys would come by (in the bar) and ask who I was, you know, what I wanted. There was a feeling that I was a white in Harlem, a white and not belonging. It was not exactly enjoyable for me all the way; it got enjoyable only after I got drunk, and forgot where the hell I was."

Later, Bakshi edited the tapes, rearranging the blacks' replies in the order he wanted for the film. It is a little of this taped conversation that we hear in a corner bar at the start of the Harlem section of *Fritz*.

Some of this unrehearsed dialogue is arresting (although sometimes incomprehensible), but even in the bar, the animation — what we see — works against what we hear, as the crows toss bottles in the air, plunge knives into tables, and grope inside dresses. It's as if Bakshi were chafing against the restrictions we the dialogue imposed on him. Other directors—most notably John Hubley—have worked with dialogue that was improvised (Hubley's *The Hat*) or even recorded without the speakers' knowledge (Hubley's *Moonbird*), but this procedure is questionable, because it reduces the director's control over his cartoon, and especially its timing. Dialogue can be a straitjacket for a cartoon director, even when the director has written it; when he surrenders that responsibility to someone else, he is tightening the straps. Bakshi seems to have realized this, perhaps instinctively, and so he fights the dialogue that he had recorded himself.

Not all the voices were amateur, and not all the dialogue was improvised. Bakshi picked up many bits and pieces from Crumb's stories, sometimes inserting them in his script awkwardly, or distorting their meaning. At places in the picture, Bakshi used great chunks of Crumb's dialogue, taken from all three stories, and it is here we come to the heart of Bakshi's failure to recreate the ambiance of the Sixties.

The three Crumb stories that Bakshi used — compressing them into one story covering a week or so — were written and drawn several years apart, and Crumb, with his usual sensitivity to what is going on around him, depicted some distinctly different attitudes in those stories. The country changed traumatically between 1965 and 1968, and Crumb's stories reflect this. The Fritz of 1965, in "Fritz Bugs Out," is still within the tradition of youthful self-assertion — the posturing and emotionalism that have always been part of growing up, even though their forms differ from generation to generation. Fritz talks of poetry, and spouts romantic nonsense, and rebels at the thought of studying, but we can see that he's really only striking these poses as covers for his laziness and his sexual appetites (he is quickly diverted by sex when he and Winston interrupt their cross-country trip so that he can write some poetry). However, he thinks he's sincere — most of the time, anyway — and his play-acting is modeled on what other people were really feeling and doing at the time.

In "Fritz Bugs Out," there are hints of the future in Fritz's dabbling in radical politics (i.e., exhorting the poor to revolt) and his encounter with marijuana, and these elements are greatly magnified in "Fritz the No-Good." The sense of separation is much deeper in "No-Good," even though Fritz himself is still apolitical; he is as much a dabbler in radical politics in "No-Good" as he was in "Fritz Bugs Out." If Fritz were still a college student in "No-Good," he probably would be emulating other students, just as he was in "Fritz Bugs Out," but he would be different because the pace-setting students were so much different in 1968 from those of a few years earlier. Many of the most important students of the late 1960s were distinguished by their willful ignorance — their conviction that a rotting society had nothing to teach them that could be worth learning. Since knowledge was readily available to them, they had to consciously reject it. This gave the young radicals of the late Sixties their distinctive tone: an oddly corrupt naivete. If Bakshi had caught that tone in Fritz's voice — and in the film as a whole — he would really have had something. But *Fritz* is instead a confused film, freely mixing elements from periods that were very different even though separated by only a few years, and Fritz's voice — far from echoing the decade — is thin and superficial.

Because *Fritz* fails to give any sense of what life was like in the Sixties, it is pointless to talk about it as a "political film" (Bakshi's phrase), or a satirical film, or whatever. What Bakshi has to say about the Sixties is of interest only to the extent that he shows some understanding of the Sixties, and he did not do this in *Fritz*.

Good animation can sometimes bring to life characters who — like Bakshi's Fritz — seem doomed by a poor story. It is not always the animator himself who can do this; his choices are limited by the instructions he gets from the director, the staging required by the layout man, and the number of feet of film he must fill each week. But even when the animator must be more concerned with turning out footage than with bringing out a character's personality, the director can provide guidance — especially in drawings — that will help the animator to make the most of the opportunities he has.

Fritz falls short here, too. There is no unity of style in the animation — the sections of the picture animated in New York and Los Angeles are too different, even though the New York animation

was patched up by the Hollywood crew. Fritz himself does not act the same from scene to scene; it is as if different actors were playing the same role.

The New York animation is what might be expected — cartoony, bouncy, but without close control, and threatening always to fly apart into careless, sloppy animation of the sort that was common in the old Terrytoons. This actually happens during the bits of animation by James Tyer, a Terrytoons veteran who did a little work on *Fritz* in New York. When Fritz and Duke the crow are careening through the streets of Harlem, one of the pig policemen grabs their car and is slugged by Duke and sent flying through the window of a Negro church; he fires after the fleeing car until he realizes that his pants are gone, and he is naked below the waist. Tyer animated the pig, and his work is New York animation at its most extreme — loose and scribbly, a jumble of lines that gives no sense of outlining a solid body.

At the other extreme is the animation of John Sparey, who was responsible for Fritz himself in California. Sparey's work is far more precise than any of the New York animation, and has a solid, structural feeling that Tyer's animation lacks. But much of Sparey's work is stiff and literal, with little in it of what animators call "stretch and squash," which is just another way of saying "elasticity."

At the Disney studio, stretch and squash — before it was suppressed almost entirely — was elaborated into a formula: the volume of a character's body must remain the same no matter how much it is stretched or squashed. Directors at other studios — especially Tex Avery and Bob Clampett — went far beyond the Disney boundaries, and did it successfully, but they understood the important point, which is that the body may be distorted, but its physical reality — its plausibility — must not be destroyed. In *Fritz*, Tyer's work encourages disbelief; Sparey's work does not test the limits of belief.

Other directors have worked with animators as different as Tyer and Sparey, and have made cartoons with much greater unity than *Fritz*. This would have been difficult for Bakshi to do in any event, because of his move to California; in Hollywood, he was working with animators who were unknown quantities, and he could learn only through trial and error (and, because of his low budget, with little room for mistakes) which animator could best perform which kind of task. But

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"The idea of a rabbit as a Hell's Angel is funny enough in itself, but in Bakshi's editing, we get only glimpses of Blue, and they reinforce the basic incongruity — this rabbit wears boots, has long fingernails on hands bedecked in rings, and has the stupefied, lurching manner of a caricatured dope fiend."

Bakshi's methods of directing may have made some visual inconsistencies inevitable under any circumstances.

Most theatrical cartoon directors think from the beginning about how their pictures will look on the screen, and work from there. Stories are "written" as storyboards — that is, as a series of drawings that tell a story — and not as scripts; this means that the scenes must be drawn from the beginning, and not just described. The director will provide animators with not only the layouts from the layout artist, which indicate how the characters must move through each scene, but also action and gesture poses of the characters in key moments in each scene. Thus the director's ideas about how the picture should look will have been dominant from the first.

Bakshi's methods — as pieced together from what I have been told by him and by people who worked for him — were significantly different when he made *Fritz*. He began with an actual script, taken with only a few changes from the Crumb stories; according to one person who saw it, this script consisted mostly of dialogue. Bakshi began work on his second feature, *Heavy Traffic*, in much the same way, by filling notebooks with dialogue.

Even though Bakshi left his script for *Fritz* far behind as he worked his ideas out in the layouts and the animation, the point remains that he emphasized words over pictures — or, at least, before pictures.

The pattern established at the beginning persisted throughout the production of the movie; there seems always to have been a paucity of drawings. *Fritz* never coalesced around any clear indications from Bakshi as to what the animation of the picture should be like, other than that it should be full animation in the old style (and, eventually, that it should be "Hollywood animation" as opposed to the New York variety.) Neither Bakshi nor his layout men fed the animators the poses that other directors have used to define the type of animation they wanted. An animator when given a scene might receive, at best, only a few rough sketches, in addition to the layouts. (He would also get exposure sheets, which prescribe the general timing.)

Even though he did not supply them with lots of drawings, Bakshi worked with his animators in other ways. He would discuss a scene with an animator, acting it out and giving the animator an idea of what he wanted (in New York, Anzilotti often did this for him). Other directors do that, too, but Bakshi went further; he apparently tried to make up for the lack of strong visual guidance by adopting another procedure that is far less common. Norm McCabe has described as a "practice peculiar to Ralph" "his habit of closely checking animation as it was being done. He'd come in at least once a day and flip your work. I found this somewhat disturbing at first, but became used to it. I found if you didn't have enough new stuff, you simply told him, and he'd bounce away to see someone else."

Bakshi also relied heavily on "live-action" camera angles, as if to distract our attention from the animation. Near

the opening of the picture, when Fritz is luring the three girls to the bathtub, the camera hops and jumps all over the place — it looks straight down on Fritz, it looks up at him from ground level, it looks down on him from a doorway, and so forth. Fortunately, the camera is not quite so jumpy during the rest of the picture, but it is restless enough to call attention to itself on more than one occasion.

If *Fritz* is deficient in so many ways, then why is the picture worthy of our attention? For that matter, why pay any attention to Bakshi himself?

The second question is easier to answer. The animators who won Bakshi's confidence and worked for him for any length of time are virtually unanimous in their praise for him. His knowledge of all phases of animation is evidently tremendous — an outgrowth of his years in the New York studios, where he did almost everything by himself, of necessity — and what he seems to have been doing in *Fritz* was learning how to put that knowledge to work in a cartoon far more ambitious than any he had made before. Moreover, he was making *Fritz* under conditions that made it difficult or impossible for him to correct his inevitable mistakes. If he disliked a piece of animation — and he eventually decided that he disliked much of what had been done in New York — Bakshi often had no choice but to use it or throw it out completely. There was not much money to do anything over. Bakshi wound up throwing out great chunks of the New York animation, and that accounts for the jerky, hard-to-follow editing of some sequences.

However, even with all these handicaps, there are segments of *Fritz* that shine like small gems. One of the best is the brief sequence (animated by John Gentilella) that introduces us to Blue, the rabbit motorcyclist, and Harriet, his girlfriend; here, at last, is a sequence carefully put together. The idea of a rabbit as a Hell's Angel is funny enough in itself, but in Bakshi's editing, we get only glimpses of Blue, and they reinforce the basic incongruity — this rabbit wears boots, has long fingernails on hands bedecked in rings, and has the stupefied, lurching manner of a caricatured dope fiend. Appropriately, we don't even see Blue whole until he's seated on his motorcycle. What makes this brief episode so satisfactory is that it is filled with cross-currents of ridicule — of motorcyclists, of movies that appeal to motorcyclists, of our fears of motorcyclists — all blended and refined by the cartoon-maker's art.

Such scenes may be only happy accidents; certainly that could be the case, in a production as chaotic as *Fritz*. But they are more likely indications of Bakshi's capabilities once he has digested all that he learned during the filming of *Fritz*. Bakshi's worst handicap in *Fritz* was his own screenplay, but there are moments in the picture — like the sequence with Blue and Harriet — that offer hope that Bakshi can triumph even over his deficiencies as a writer, especially if he begins "writing" more in visual terms. Bakshi seems much happier telling a story with pictures than trying to enliven a long Crumb monologue.

But whatever happens to Bakshi's own career, *Fritz* will remain a significant film, because it has enriched animation's language.

In the first place, *Fritz* reconciles the conflicting approaches in two different kinds of animated films. Traditional animated cartoons, as exemplified by the Disney features, are populated by three-dimensional figures who live in a world that exists in depth. This approach has been abandoned in "art" cartoons or "design" cartoons, as they are often called, which have been influenced instead by the fine arts and graphic arts of the Twentieth Century, and share its characteristics: flatness, strong patterns, abstract forms.

The animation — the actual movement — in these two kinds of cartoons differs enormously. In traditional cartoons, the styles of animation range from the extreme realism of the Disney cartoons to the extravagance of Avery and Clampett, but the common denominator is that we are asked to believe in the characters as real, physical creatures. In "art" cartoons, by contrast, the cartoon-maker reminds us constantly that we are looking at drawings on a flat surface, not only through the design of his characters (usually abstract or semi-abstract) but through their highly stylized movements. Usually, traditional animation is full, whereas the animation in "art" cartoons is limited — but not the same kind of limited animation that is used in most television cartoons. The TV animation is a corruption of traditional animation; television cartoons frequently look like traditional cartoons with most of the movement subtracted. In "art" cartoons, by contrast, movement may be equally skimpy, but it is a new kind of movement, tailored to the cartoons' visual style. Sometimes, in fact, the animation in "art" cartoons is full, although it may not seem so because other elements in the picture — color, form, texture — overshadow the animation itself.

The UPA studio, in the early Fifties, was the first great exponent of this new approach to animation, and in its wake, other cartoon studios — Disney, Warner, Lantz — aped the UPA style to some extent, mostly by using background paintings (and occasionally characters) that were flatter in design and more simplified than before. The results were usually poor; the new style of graphics and animation diminished the cartoon characters, sapping them of their vitality without providing anything in return. Only Ward Kimball's Disney cartoons (*Toot Whistle Plunk and Boom*, etc.) and some of Chuck Jones' Warner cartoons (in which limited animation and full animation are blended so artfully that the eye hardly notices the difference) succeeded in bridging the gap, but even these cartoons look too much like sophisticated exercises in problem-solving.

What is extraordinary about *Fritz* is not that Ralph Bakshi has mixed ingredients from these conflicting approaches — that has been done before, and done well — but that he seems so much at ease in doing it. Bakshi entered animation at a time when UPA's lessons had been digested, and were being applied as a matter of course — even though in a cheapened form. It is natural for him to use "design" elements in his pictures — abstract and semi-abstract forms, for example, and a freer use of color — but he has also found his way back to traditional animation, because the physical reality of its characters is necessary for the kinds of films he wants to make. Even though Bakshi cannot yet speak traditional animation's language fluently, he knows why he wants to speak it — and this has given him a self-confidence that many older cartoon-makers have lost in the face of widespread contempt for their work.

Throughout *Fritz*, there are scenes conceived in "design" terms — as when trucks jostle Winston's Volkswagen on the night highway, and Fritz delivers his soliloquy before setting the dormitory on fire — but they never tear loose from their moorings. Even when they fail dramatically — as when the animation and the dialogue rub against one another during the soliloquy — they remain anchored in physical reality; there is no descent into abstraction, into "design" for its own sake. For the most part, the narcissism of the typical "art" cartoon is mercifully absent.

Probably the most important elements in this successful mixture — because they give the picture a unity that it would otherwise lack — are the backgrounds by Ira Turek and Johnnie Vita. Vita, who has known Bakshi since they both worked at Terrytoons, has recalled that he and Bakshi "had a ball for two months shooting stills for background material . . . we went in and out of Harlem, East Village, rooftops, docks, alleys, toilets, bars, synagogues, Chinatown, Times Square, Brooklyn Bridge, (a) cemetery, churches, (a) police station . . . Ralph was looking for reality."

Vita's photographs were turned over to Ira Turek, who drew the backgrounds with a Rapidograph pen — a technical pen that produces an inked line of uniform width. Robert Crumb uses a Rapidograph, and Turek captured much of Crumb's style in his background drawings.

The publicity for the film emphasized the photographs, to the point that it is easy to get the impression that every background was traced from a photograph. That was far from being the case; Ira Turek says that of approximately seven hundred backgrounds in the film, not more than fifty or sixty were traced, and even with those, he did not make literal tracings, but rearranged the settings considerably.

For most of the backgrounds, Turek was not only not given photographs to trace, he was not even given detailed layout drawings. The layouts that are given to background artists range from the sketchy to the highly detailed, but the layouts that were given to Turek sometimes consisted of only a few pencil lines, to indicate the horizon and the perspective. For most sequences — the scenes in the junkyard, for example, and in Big Bertha's pad — no photographs were used at all. Even the fish-eye shots of Fritz's dormitory and Washington Square Park were completely original; Turek devised his own method for introducing that perspective into his drawings. If you did not know better, it would be easy to believe that many of Turek's drawings were traced from photographs; they are much grittier and more detailed than previous cartoon backgrounds.

After Turek had completed a background drawing in ink on a transparent "cel," the drawing would be Xeroxed onto watercolor paper for Vita, and onto animation paper for the animators to use in matching the characters to the backgrounds. When Vita had finished his painting, Turek's original drawing, on the cel, would be placed over the watercolor, obscuring the Xerox lines on the painting (except that on some of the paintings, the watercolor paper shrunk, and the Xerox lines showed up on the screen).

Vita, in his paintings, used color freely and with dramatic flair: he filled the screen with bilious greens and purples, and occasional sullen reds. The paintings create and sustain moods — fear, despair, anger, depression, resentment — but not at the expense of the settings themselves. Vita's colors complement Turek's drawings: they do not fight with them, or ignore them. What we see always remains a bar, or a Harlem street corner, and above all, a stage for Fritz and the other characters. There have been distinguished background paintings for other cartoons — Eyvind Earle's delicately stylized settings for *Sleeping Beauty*, for example — but I doubt that there have been any that have supported the characters themselves as well as the backgrounds in *Fritz*.

Bakshi's task was not simply to create moods, but to represent emotions that have not had any place in animation, at least not without some clever disguise. Lust in a Tex Avery cartoon culminates naturally in a self-destructive frenzy; lust in *Fritz* leads inevitably to copulation. The step from lust of the one kind to lust of the other is enormous, and it was too big for some animators to make. In Hollywood, Bakshi has said, two animators quit work on *Fritz* after a few days, because the picture was simply too raw for them.

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". . . Duke's death should be affecting, since Duke is a sympathetic character; the sequence in which he is shot and dies has in fact been singled out by many people as one of the best in the movie. That's true, but for me, the effects in the sequence come perilously close to dominating the character."

Bakshi's efforts to bring a greater variety of emotions into animation were not always successful. Sometimes he slipped into comedy that would almost fit into an Avery cartoon, as when Fritz is lasciviously pursuing Bertha through the junkyard. But more often, he was simply crude and clumsy, as when Fritz interrupts his copulation with Bertha and reveals his genitals. This spoils one of the best running jokes in the picture, because up until then, this perpetually horny cat has had nothing but air between his thighs. There is reason to be thankful for small favors, however: Bakshi originally planned to show a close-up of Fritz's wilting penis after Bertha derided his erection. I have been told that the one remaining shot of Fritz's genitals would have been removed, too, if there had been any money left to do it, but that's not really the point. What's wrong with the picture is that Bakshi was explicit at times when he didn't really need to be, when he could have made a scene funnier or more affecting by holding back a little. Fritz's genitals should have been excised from the movie early in its production, before animation even started.

That doesn't mean that *Fritz* is pornographic; as a pornographic film, the movie is a dud, because there isn't very much sex in it. Although Bakshi — his protests to the contrary notwithstanding — must have been aware from the first that an X rating would guarantee his cartoon lots of publicity, I doubt that he included explicit sex to insure such a rating. An X would have been almost inevitable if he had just stuck closely to

Crumb's stories. I am inclined to believe instead that *Fritz*'s crudity was unavoidable, since the movie is so different from what everyone — including people in animation — had come to expect from an animated cartoon. How *do* you deal openly with sex in a cartoon? That is a question that hardly anyone had thought to ask, much less answer, before Bakshi made *Fritz*, and so it's not surprising that many of Bakshi's answers were unsatisfactory.

Even when sex was not involved, Bakshi could lead himself astray. For example, Duke's death should be affecting, since Duke is a sympathetic character; the sequence in which he is shot and dies has in fact been singled out by many people as one of the best in the movie. That's true, but for me, the effects in the sequence come perilously close to dominating the character. The central image is fine: pool balls bounce, in order, into blood-red holes as Duke dies. But there are too many such devices — multiple images, a "cracking" yellow eye, a shot straight up at Duke as he dies — and Duke himself is almost obscured by them. It's as if Bakshi didn't trust the strength of his basic idea — the pool balls — and fussed over it, like an amateur artist adding "shading" to a good drawing.

For the most part, Bakshi had trouble handling really strong emotions. Whether he was depicting them — or trying to evoke them in his audience, as with Duke's death — his efforts usually fell short. He would trip over something like the gimmicks in the death sequence, and we would be left tantalizingly close to animation of real depth and power. But sometimes, in sequences that were less demanding, Bakshi broke through, and everything fell into place. It is here that we get some sense of what the more important sequences would have been like if Bakshi had been able to make them as good as he obviously wanted them to be. The "Winston Schwartz" number, for instances, reproduces beautifully the harshness of an urban highway at night, and does it with animation; there is nothing about this sequence, with its bright colors and bullying trucks, that suggests live action. Later in the film, the meeting of the revolutionaries in the mausoleum is thick with a fear and apprehension that builds as the sequence progresses.

Such episodes would be much more impressive in a better movie, but they at least suggest how much unused power rests in traditional animation's hands. "Art" cartoons have explored emotions that have been forbidden to traditional animation, but the artificiality of these cartoons has robbed them of impact. Traditional animation does not suffer from that disability — it can convince us of the reality of what we see — but it has suffered from a disability of another kind: the belief of many of its practitioners that their work is trivial. *Fritz*, for all its clumsiness, is a long step away from that mistaken belief.

Still, there is something wrong with *Fritz*'s handling of strong emotions that goes beyond the clumsiness and miscalculation that were inevitable, given not only that *Fritz* was a pioneering effort but that it was made under inauspicious conditions as well.

For example, when Fritz and Winston are stranded in the desert, a farmer with a truckload of chickens stops to help them — but first he beats his clucking chickens to death. The chicken farmer is in Crumb's story, but the bloody, senseless killing of the chickens is not. It is explicable only as a violent fantasy, of the sort that was foreclosed to animation before *Fritz*. This extraordinarily ugly moment is followed by one even uglier a minute or so later, when Winston is berating Fritz for not realizing that their car was out of gasoline. As she talks, Fritz turns toward the audience and moves his hand in imitation of Winston's mouth, while smirking at us nastily. It is a smile of complicity, as if Bakshi himself, aware that his movie had just gone off the rails, were turning to us for support.

Robert Crumb, the most perceptive of modern cartoonists (and something of an expert on expressing his private fantasies in public), provided a clue as to what was going on here when I talked to him a few days after he had seen the movie.

Crumb first saw *Fritz* in February 1972, during a visit to Los Angeles in the company of some other underground cartoonists. He remembered the sequence of events this way:

"I told all of those guys, say, you know, we can see that *Fritz the Cat* movie while we're down here — Spain (Rodriguez) and (S. Clay) Wilson and Robert Williams and (Rick) Griffin, they were all there, at Williams' house. So I called up Bakshi and said, hey, I'm down here and I'd like to see the movie, and all the other guys are here, too. He said, okay, I'll call you and let you know tomorrow when you can see it. He called me the next morning and said he just wanted me to see it, he really didn't want those guys there. He was sure they'd hate it and put 'im down real bad, and he just wanted me to see it with him so that he could talk to me about it alone, and he'd feel better if just I came down by myself — he was so insistent about it. I said, well, okay, and then I hung up and I told the guys what he said. They were real pissed off and disappointed, they wanted to see it . . . So we decided that when Ralph Bakshi came, I d talk to him first and then they'd all come out and say okay, let's go. So Ralph Bakshi came — everybody's waiting around, building up this big pressure thing — and he came, and I went out and said, listen, you've gotta let those guys come, because they're really countin' on seein' it, you know, you can't tell them they can't see it. It's fine with me, you know. He said, oh God, and really freaked out: they'll hate it, they'll hate me, they'll come down real hard on me. First he says to me, you're going to hate it, I know you're going to hate it. He felt real guilty and stuff, full of guilt about the whole thing. Apparently he's going through a lot of changes, he's torn between the big-time mass-media corporation that he works for and this personal-artist trip that I'm in, and Wilson, and Spain, and all these guys. Then all the guys come storming out of the house, saying okay, let's go, and come up and like surround me and Ralph Bakshi. Bakshi really starts freaking out, you know — paranoid stuff. Robert Williams says, we're all blood brothers, all of us underground cartoonists, and we've been through a lot together, and this thing means something to all of us. So they all get in their cars, and I get in Ralph Bakshi's sports car with him, and we take off, and Bakshi tries to ditch these guys, and he can't do it. So we get down to . . . where they showed the screening, and we're all waiting around for them to put on the reel, and stuff, and guys are like trying to talk to Ralph Bakshi, and he's like saying stuff that doesn't make sense, he's so freaked out. Real nervous stuff; half-finished sentences and stuff. He's really scared of those guys or something. Then after it's over, and the lights went on, . . . me and Ralph Bakshi were sitting in the back of the screening room, and all the other guys filed out, with stone faces. They didn't even look at us. Ralph Bakshi said, see, they hate me, what a bunch of nasty guys; bad vibes. He asked me, well, what'd you think of it? I just shrugged my shoulders. I didn't know what to say. Then I told him I didn't like what he did with that revolutionary scene at all, that really pissed me

Continued on Page 47.

In June 1972, not long before *Funnyworld* No. 14 was published, Robert Crumb read a copy of the manuscript for the first part of "The Filming of 'Fritz the Cat,'" and he made these comments in a letter:

"I just finished reading your manuscript . . . incredible!!! An epic documentary work!!! Truly amazing! . . .

"You sure did a massive amount of research, and also, from my point of view, it seems incredibly accurate. I like the way you portrayed me in the article . . . I come off as the most lovable, I think . . . I'm kinda cute, huh? Tee hee . . .

" . . . since you wrote such an extensive history of the whole affair, there are a couple of significant points I should tell you, just so you'll know the truth . . .

"First, I never signed anything . . . I've been reluctant to let the truth be known, because I didn't want anybody thinking bad things about my dear wife, whom I love and cherish . . . but, see, that time when Bakshi came out to get me to sign the contract (I can't remember if it was the same time as the screening or not), I ran off and left him with my wife. Now, I'd hashed it over with her and she knew I didn't want to do it, but she was somewhat hot for the money, as we were trying to get this farm going and all, and I didn't really expect her to understand my objections from my 'artistic' attitude and all, so there I went and left her holding the bag, and, while she sympathized with my reluctance, she gave in to Ralph's incessant badgering, but only after *two days* of it, and signed the contract herself, using my power of attorney which I had given her . . .

"(Michael) Stepanian (a San Francisco lawyer) says the contract ain't valid anyway, since I *didn't* want my name on it or something, but, lackadaisical as I was, stoned-out hippie optimist, I just said, 'Oh, well, what the hell' when I found out. After Ralphy got his contract with my name on it, we immediately received a check for 7,000 (*seven* thousand) dollars, exactly . . . no more no less . . . and have not received a penny since . . . not that I want any more of Krantz's stinking money, but just to get the facts straight."

Crumb also corrected one statement in the article. I said the Fritz story in *Head Comix* and "Special Agent for the CIA" in *Fritz the Cat* were drawn in a large, blank book, a bookbinder's sample. Crumb said, "The Fritz story in the *Head Comix* book I did in New York in '65 for a comic book I was going to try to put out called *Fug*, but which I gave up on . . . . the story 'Fritz Bugs Out' and the CIA episode I did earlier in the big book, while we were in Europe."

There have been reports since *Fritz the Cat* was released that Crumb filed suit to have is name removed from the screen credits. According to Albert L. Morse — a San Francisco copyright attorney who now represents Crumb in such matters — no suit was filed, but an agreement was reached to remove Crumb's name from the credits. Under the agreement, Morse says, Crumb also received some money for the unauthorized use in the movie of several Crumb characters — Honey Bunch Kaminski, Angelfood McSpade, the two characters "trucking" past the park at the opening of the film.

In the fall of 1972, a new Fritz story was published; it was Crumb's first in almost four years. The story was published in *The People's Comics* (Golden Gate Publishing Company), an all-Crumb comic book in which Crumb mocks himself and his cat. In a fifteen-page story, "Fritz the Cat, 'Superstar,'" Fritz is

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From The People's Comics.

pictured as a degenerate movie star who meets his end when a spurned female ostrich pierces his skull with an icepick. Before that, though, Fritz interrupts his wenching and boozing long enough for a script conference with some Hollywood hotshots, including two named "Ralphy" and "Stevie." Crumb thus not only gigs Bakshi and Krantz, but lays to rest a character he feels he has outgrown.

Crumb was the subject of a lengthy article in *The New York Times Magazine* for October 1, 1972. The article, by Thomas Maremaa, a San Francisco writer, is the most extensive treatment of Crumb yet in any large-circulation magazine or newspaper, and Maremaa benefited from what was apparently a long interview with Crumb. For the record, there are a couple of points on which "The Filming of 'Fritz the Cat'" and Maremaa's article differ. My article says that Crumb took LSD for the first time in the fall of 1965, and that it was also at that time that he invented many of his characters, during a visit to Chicago; Maremaa quotes Crumb as saying that he began taking LSD in the summer of 1965, and that he didn't make that visit to Chicago until the spring of 1966.

However, Marty Pahls — whom Crumb visited in Chicago — remembers distinctly that Crumb visited the city in the fall of 1965, and that it was then that Crumb began drawing his free-association fantasies, with their strange human characters; these fantasies largely displaced the tightly constructed stories with animal characters that had dominated Crumb's work until that time. Pahls adds that Crumb had taken LSD for the first time in Cleveland sometime before coming to Chicago, so Maremaa's placing of that event in the summer of 1965 is probably accurate. Pahls recalls further that Crumb had taken some LSD — or something that was passed off as LSD — that "fuzzed his brain up" before he came to Chicago, and that it was while he was in this state that the new characters and stories began coming forth. (Crumb is quoted in Maremaa's article as saying that he remained "real fuzzy" for three months, "and all this crazy stuff came out of my brain.")

Mike Barrier

The Carl Barks Bibliography

Part Nine

This installment of the Barks bibliography differs from earlier installments in that I have sharply curtailed my listings of the Barks reprints. I have also set an arbitrary cut-off date for this installment; it includes information only for those Barks comic books with cover dates through 1972. (However, the complete bibliography will include full information about reprints, and it will cover all of Barks' work — both original and reprint — that has been published up until the time that the bibliography goes to the printer.)

Despite the changes in this installment, I have not met my goal of completing publication of the bibliography in this issue. A few Barks items — giveaway and premium comic books, book illustrations, etc. — and a listing of the magazine and newspaper articles about Barks have been pushed over into *Funnyworld* No. 16.

The complete bibliography has not been mentioned in *Funnyworld* for several issues now, and so it is time to mention it again — especially since I have received many desperate pleas for copies of the earlier installments. The complete bibliography — extensively revised and corrected, and including much information that was not available when the first installments were published in *Funnyworld* — will be published as a separate volume next year. In addition to the bibliography itself, the volume will contain a lot of material about Carl Barks — probably a lengthy critical essay, probably a lengthy interview, probably some previously unpublished drawings, and probably some other features that have not been determined yet. Full information about the book will be published in *Funnyworld* in the near future.

As I have in the past, I would like to ask *Funnyworld*'s readers to help in the preparation of the bibliography by pointing out any errors or omissions. I would also like to ask again that Barks fans who have received letters from Carl Barks in which he comments *on particular stories* permit me to quote from those letters in the bibliography. No quotations will be used without Barks' permission, of course.

One aspect of Barks' work has been neglected by me in the six years since publication of the bibliography began. Barks sometimes drew work for publication and then changed his mind, discarding a page entirely or else reworking it; on other occasions, he drew pages that were submitted for publication, but were never published. A story might be rejected in its entirety, or a page deleted to make room for an advertisement. Such unpublished material is important to this bibliography, since I am trying to cover all of Barks' work that was either published or was drawn for publication. Some of the unpublished material has been located; part is in the Disney Archives, part is in private hands. In a fascinating article to be published in *Funnyworld* No. 16, Kim Weston describes this material and explains how it fits into the published Barks stories. However, there are unpublished Barks pages — and even some complete stories — that have vanished entirely. Some of this material has probably been destroyed, but it is my hope that at least a few pages are in the hands of collectors. Kim Weston and I are vitally interested in obtaining photostats of any such pages — *not* for reproduction (I have no desire to violate the copyright laws) but in order to complete the bibliography. Confidentiality can be assured, and we have no objections to working through third parties. Anyone who can help us should write to me in care of *Funnyworld*'s address, or to Kim Weston, 305-B North Chapel Gate Lane, Baltimore, Maryland 21229.

Mike Barrier

III. Gold Key Comic Books (Continued)

C. UNCLE SCROOGE (Continued)

53 - October 1964 - 36 pages

Front cover: A nervous Scrooge, wearing a postman's hat and standing on Donald, prepares to deposit a letter in the mouth of a strange, living mailbox. (Illustrating "Interplanetary Postman.")

Reprinted: Uncle Scrooge No. 94, August 1971.

UNCLE SCROOGE Interplanetary Postman - 15 - Scrooge's complaints about the mails lead to his being appointed postmaster of Duckburg. He vows to deliver any letter any place, and to live up to his promise, he has to build a rocket to take a letter to Venus. After first landing on Mars by mistake, Scrooge lands on Venus, where he reads the letter aloud to the unseen Venusians. The letter is from a seventeen-foot teenage boy who is looking for a seventeen-foot girl, and it turns out that Venus is full of tall girls. To avoid hauling mail to and from Venus, Scrooge covers the happy boy with stamps and sends him on a one-way trip on the Venus rocket.

Reprinted: Uncle Scrooge No. 94, August 1971.

54 - December 1964 - 36 pages

Front cover: Scrooge, Donald and the nephews inspect a green, polka-dotted elephant whose mahout is Gladstone. (Illustrating "The Billion Dollar Safari.")

UNCLE SCROOGE The Billion Dollar Safari - 20 - Scrooge, whose zoo is suffering from a dearth of customers, offers a billion dollars to anyone bringing him a speckled elephant with a square trunk. He thinks that no one will bring him such an impossible animal, but that the offer will renew interest in his zoo. Gladstone, through various strokes of his usual luck, winds up in India, in the midst of the speckled pachyderms belonging to the elephant girls of Jumbostan. After a call from Gladstone, the ducks hustle to Jumbostan, where they — and Gladstone — learn that the spots are paint, and the elephants don't have square trunks. However, Gladstone finds a real speckled elephant with a square trunk in the jungle, and Scrooge and the ducks try to elude him in a ruined city. Gladstone decks his elephant in a blanket of emeralds; the blanket somehow erases the elephant's spots, and Scrooge's billion dollars is saved.

UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 - Scrooge, stranded on a raft on the ocean, is unsuccessful in attracting the attention of ships and planes until he disguises himself as a huge sack of money.

Reprinted: Uncle Scrooge No. 88, August 1970.

UNCLE SCROOGE Flowers Are Flowers - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge brags on his vegetable garden to Ludwig von Drake, then provides Grandma Duck with a cauliflower corsage when he takes her to the opera that night. *(Art only.)*

55 - February 1965 - 36 pages

Front cover: Scrooge and Donald hold imaginary glasses of water from a mirage water cooler as Huey, Dewey and Louie, bearing water bags, rush toward them on camels. (Illustrating "McDuck of Arabia.")

UNCLE SCROOGE McDuck of Arabia - 24 - Scrooge is persuaded by an Arab, sheik Arrabi, to finance an expedition to the lost mines of the Queen of Sheba, but their plans are overheard by spies, and when the ducks and the sheik reach Arabia, the sheik is kidnaped by a desert bandit named Hassan Ben Jaild. The bandits take along one of the nephews as a hostage, and use him to force the sheik to lead them to the mine. Scrooge and Donald take Scrooge's plane to look for the bandits, but leave the other two nephews behind. Scrooge's plane has been sabotaged, and it crashes in the desert. Scrooge and Donald are saved when they stumble upon a troop of Arab Junior Woodchucks, whose help — and camels — have been enlisted by the two nephews who were left behind. The Woodchucks find Bir Sheba, an oasis populated by the descendants of the Queen of Sheba's mine guards. The Bir Shebans still extract gold from the Queen's mines, and with their help, the Woodchucks and the ducks corner the bandits at the mine. Scrooge and Sheik Arrabi decide to leave the mine to the people of Bir Sheba, who use its gold to patch walls and pave paths.

UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 - Two men observe Scrooge as he uses a sort of geiger counter, which he is using to find not valuable minerals, but rather the watch he lost the day before.

56 - March 1965 - 36 pages

Front cover: The ducks flee from ghosts that are emerging from the smokestack of an old locomotive. (Illustrating "Mystery of the Ghost Town Railroad.")

Inside front cover: The ducks look startled as a ghost appears wearing a hotel bellhop's cap. (Illustrating "Mystery of the Ghost Town Railroad.")

UNCLE SCROOGE Mystery of the Ghost Town Railroad - 24 - The five ducks drive to the old gold-rush city of Goldopolis — now only a deserted hotel — to look for a valuable stock certificate that Scrooge hid there many years before. After learning that some of the old-timers who still live in Goldopolis have had their own stock certificates stolen, the ducks decide to spend the night in the old hotel, in the hope of reviving Scrooge's memory so that he will remember exactly where he hid his stock. "Ghosts" harass the ducks and the townspeople who came to help, finally driving everyone from the hotel — and in the hubbub, the ducks lose their watches and money to unseen thieves. The next day, the ducks learn that ravens are the thieves, and one snatches Scrooge's stock certificate from his hand just as he finds it. The ducks find the lair of the ravens' master in the hotel, then follow him to the railroad tracks, where they pursue him in an old locomotive as he flees on a little gasoline-powered rail car. The thief's efforts to blow up the locomotive fail, and he is finally captured, at which point Scrooge learns that the thief is the last survivor of an outlaw clan that used to shoot up Goldopolis on Saturday nights.

57 - May 1965 - 36 pages

Front cover: A frightened Scrooge clings to a vine, with porcupines and an alligator clustered beneath him, as the nephews approach in a helicopter. (Illustrating "The Swamp of No Return.")

UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge is furious at a panhandling Asian's plea for five dollars for a cup of coffee, but the panhandler explains that the money is for a cup of coffee for his elephant.

Format: This page is three panels deep.

UNCLE SCROOGE The Swamp of No Return - 24 - A physicist invents a "teaching machine" — a small box that "spurts knowledge from an ionized core into the student's mental muscles" and immediately transforms a dog into a mathematical marvel. He telephones Scrooge to seek his financial assistance, but Scrooge's wire is tapped by Brutopian spies. After Scrooge has left the scientist's shop, the Brutopian cousul steals the machine and uses it to command both Scrooge and the scientist to go to a certain spot in the Dismal Swamp. The two men forget everything except their desire to go to the swamp, and the Brutopian consul flies them there. When Donald, who saw the Brutopian with Scrooge, telephones the consul to ask about Scrooge, the Brutopian uses the phone to command Donald to go to the swamp, too. The nephews take him there in the Junior Woodchucks' helicopter, but it sinks in quicksand before they can leave with Scrooge and the scientist, both of whom have regained their memories. However, the swamp is soon overrun with army helicopters whose crews have been ordered to the swamp by the Brutopian consul. After taking a helicopter back to Duckburg, the ducks go hunting for the teaching machine with guns, planning to destroy it with bullets. Scrooge catches up with the Brutopian first, but all his shots miss until the Brutopian unwittingly strikes Scrooge with a ray that transforms him into a superb marksman.

UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 - Scrooge locks four doors as he leaves his money bin, realizing too late that he has left his keys behind.

UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 - Scrooge is a student at a parachute school that has trained him to land "on a dime" — and he does, literally.

UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 - An Indian snake charmer is dissatisfied with Scrooge's reward for his playing, and his cobra's hisses and glaring eyes mesmerize Scrooge into parting with much more money.

58 - July 1965 - 36 pages

Front cover: The ducks cling to a huge bag of money as a giant mechanical hand grabs it. (Illustrating "The Giant Robot Robbers.")

UNCLE SCROOGE The Giant Robot Robbers - 20 - As a huge robot, many stories high, is being shown to the Duckburg public in a park, the Beagle Boys knock its operator unconscious and take control of the machine, then go to the Lackheed Autonetics factory and take control of three more robots like the first one. The robots, with the Beagles at their controls, attack Scrooge's money bin ferociously, while the police stand by helplessly, under orders not to attack lest they damage the machines. The Beagles pour Scrooge's money out of his bin into huge buckets and carry it away, as the ducks trail along behind picking up loose cash. The Beagles carry the money to a country club to celebrate, and Scrooge attacks them unsuccessfully with a crop-dusting plane. The ducks lure one of the Beagles out of his robot with the smell of prunes cooking, and Scrooge takes control of the robot. A colossal fight results, with the army joining in, until finally the robots are brought to earth. Scrooge is stuck with the bill for their repair.

UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 - Scrooge wins an exasperated laundryman's agreement to charge him only half price for washing a coat because Scrooge is furnishing the soap. (*Art only.*)

Format: This page is three panels deep.

UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge's incredibly long car is involved in a long-distance collision with Donald's car. (*Art only.*)

Format: This page is three panels deep.

59 - September 1965 - 36 pages

Front cover: A weary Scrooge, dressed in a parka, pulls a dog sled with three contented huskies on it, as the nephews ride by in the background on a sled pulled by a bear. (Illustrating "North of the Yukon.")

UNCLE SCROOGE North of the Yukon - 24 - A magazine's picture story about Scrooge reminds Soapy Slick, an old Alaskan money lender, of an I.O.U. that Scrooge gave him in 1898 — at one hundred per cent interest every month, compounded forever. Scrooge has a receipt for the debt, and carries it with him to Alaska in a flight bag for the trial of Soapy's lawsuit. Soapy gets aboard the bush plane that is carrying Scrooge to the town of Goldboom for the trial, and in a tussle, the flight bag falls through a window and lands near a river. Both Scrooge and Soapy head for the flight bag, Soapy with a champion dog team and Scrooge with a makeshift team led by an old dog named Barko. Despite Soapy's efforts at sabotage, Scrooge and Barko reach the river hot on Soapy's heels. As the river ice breaks up, Barko saves Scrooge, who then must choose between rescuing Barko from the ice-filled river or recovering the bag. Scrooge rescues Barko, and Soapy prepares to tear up the receipt — but he is foiled when the newsmen who have been following the case pop up with cameras, ready to catch him in the act.

60 - November 1965 - 36 pages

Front cover: Scrooge, with the other ducks hanging onto his legs, clings to the clapper of a bell that is being rung by a black-clad figure. (Illustrating "The Phantom of Notre Duck.")

UNCLE SCROOGE The Phantom of Notre Duck - 24 - Scrooge has a new vault, which opens only when he plays "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" of a fife. With Donald and the nephews, he takes the fife to the Cathedral of Notre Duck, so that he can lower the fife on a string into the water of the Cathedral's wishing fountain — but when he pulls the string up, the fife is gone, and a mysterious thief — having heard Scrooge's wish that no one will ever learn the secret of the fife — is playing "My Bonnie." Scrooge and the ducks pursue the sound of the fife, and then pursue the black-clad thief, until finally, after a series of hair-raising episodes, all the ducks are trapped. They are rescued by the Woodchucks' Official Hound, in time to catch the thief returning with a load of coins from Scrooge's money bin. The thief has stolen the coins to complete a model of the Cathedral that he has been building in a cavern under the Cathedral with coins thrown into the wishing fountain. Scrooge is so taken with the idea that he forgives the Phantom, on the condition that he be allowed to help with the construction of the model.

61 - January 1966 - 36 pages

Front cover: The ducks ride on the back of a rhinoceros whose horn bears a Junior Woodchuck standard. (Illustrating "So Far and No Safari.")

UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside front cover) - Scrooge teaches a parrot to say that Scrooge is a fine fellow, but the parrot calls him a tightwad when Scrooge offers only a cracker crumb as a reward. (*Art only.*)

UNCLE SCROOGE So Far and No Safari - 24 - Scrooge is going to fly to Africa to bid on a gold mine, and takes Donald and the nephews along as a reward when the nephews' Junior Woodchuck animals whistles lure some gophers out of Scrooge's money bin. Scrooge's plane is shot down over Africa by Flintheart Glomgold's plane, and Flintheart harasses Scrooge and Donald as they try to reach the mine overland. The nephews come to the rescue, and use their whistles to provide transportation on all sorts of animals, until Flintheart reappears and drops bombs near the ducks and their steeds. Flintheart's plane crashes, but he disguises himself as a witch doctor and tricks the ducks into giving him a ride on some jackals. At a village Flintheart sees to it that the ducks are jailed for violating a local tabu, and then he heads for the mine. When the curious natives blow on the nephews' animal whistles, a horde of animals levels the jail. Scrooge reaches the auction in time, and he and Flintheart compete furiously — raising their bids one shilling at a time.

UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 - Scrooge winces and grimaces as large figures are recited nearby, and finally tells his head money counter that he will buy him an adding machine. (*Art only.*)

Format: This page is three panels deep.

UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 - An office boy accepts Scrooge's offer of "top wages," and his wages turn out to a literal top — a toy. (*Art only.*)

Format: This page is three panels deep.

UNCLE SCROOGE - 1 (inside back cover) - Scrooge offers a fur coat to a ragged man, and when the man says that he is warm because his coat is lined with newspapers, Scrooge shows that his coat is also lined with paper — paper money.

62 - March 1966 - 36 pages

Front cover: The ducks flee from a ferocious wild girl and her wild dog. (Illustrating "The Queen of the Wild Dog Pack.")

UNCLE SCROOGE The Queen of the Wild Dog Pack - 24 - Scrooge takes Donald and the nephews with him to his sheep station in Australia, where his herds are being raided by wild dogs that make hash of his fences and traps. Scrooge and Donald are routed by the dogs, but the nephews, in an excursion of their own, discover that the dogs' leader is a wild girl. The next day, they see the girl's shadow when she is attracted by a radio blaring the music of Tweedy Teentwirp, a pop singer. The ducks set a trap for the wild girl, using the radio, and she is lured to it, with love in her eyes. A cage springs shut on the girl, and the ducks, wearing padded suits, battle her dogs, but the girl — who is ferocious looking, and not the beautiful wild girl of Donald's romantic daydreams — breaks free, and all looks bleak until the territorial rangers arrive. In captivity, the girl — still enraptured by Tweedy Teentwirp — even begins to comb her hair.

63 - May 1966 - 36 pages

Front cover: A frightened-looking Scrooge runs along, glowing from hat to spats, as three grinning Beagle Boys head for a spooky castle in the background. (Illustrating "House of Haunts.")

UNCLE SCROOGE House of Haunts - 24 - Scrooge transfers his money to a secret hiding place in anticipation of the "rehabilitated" Beagle Boys' release from prison, but one night, as he heads for his hidden money, the Beagle Boys spray him with a glowing paint so that they can follow him. Scrooge's trail leads to the "dreaded castle of the ancient mad duke of Duckburg," and there, a prison-trained Beagle taps Scrooge's head so that he loses his memory of the events of the previous few months. Scrooge — who even thinks for a while that he is a glowing ghost — can't remember where he hid his money, thanks to the blow on his head; meanwhile, at the castle, the Beagles blunder into a trap from which only Scrooge can free them. As he and the other ducks search for his money, Scrooge smells the odor of his money coming from the castle, and the ducks fall into the same trap as the Beagles. The Beagles tap Scrooge on the head again, and he remembers how to free everyone from the trap. The Beagles are returned to prison to be rehabilitated again.

64 - July 1966 - 36 pages

Front cover: Scrooge, dressed in oriental splendor, rides in a sedan chair borne by Donald and the nephews, all of whom wear coolie garb and distressed expressions. (Illustrating "Treasure of Marco Polo.")

UNCLE SCROOGE Treasure of Marco Polo - 24 - Scrooge has bought a life-size jade elephant that has been shipped in a crate from the war-torn kingdom of Unsteadystan. But only the elephant's tail is in the crate, along with a peasant boy named Soy Bheen. A note from Marco Polo is in the elephant's tail, telling of a treasure map in the elephant's trunk. The ducks and Soy Bheen go to Unsteadystan, where the jade elephant is being used by the rebel leader, Wahn Beeg Rhat, as a sort of totem to command respect. Scrooge, after being disguised by Soy Bheen in a prince's clothing, is mistaken for the missing Prince Char Ming by Rhat, who carries Scrooge and Donald inside the jade elephant to a jungle camp. At the camp, the two ducks are about to be shot when, with the nephews' help, Soy Bheen enters the elephant and, using a key, causes its trunk to rise, a signal that a true ruler has ascended the throne. Soy Bheen — now revealed as Prince Char Ming — appears in the elephant's howdah, and Rhat's men turn against their leader. Scrooge gives the elephant and Marco Polo's treasure to Unsteadystan.

65 - September 1966 - 36 pages

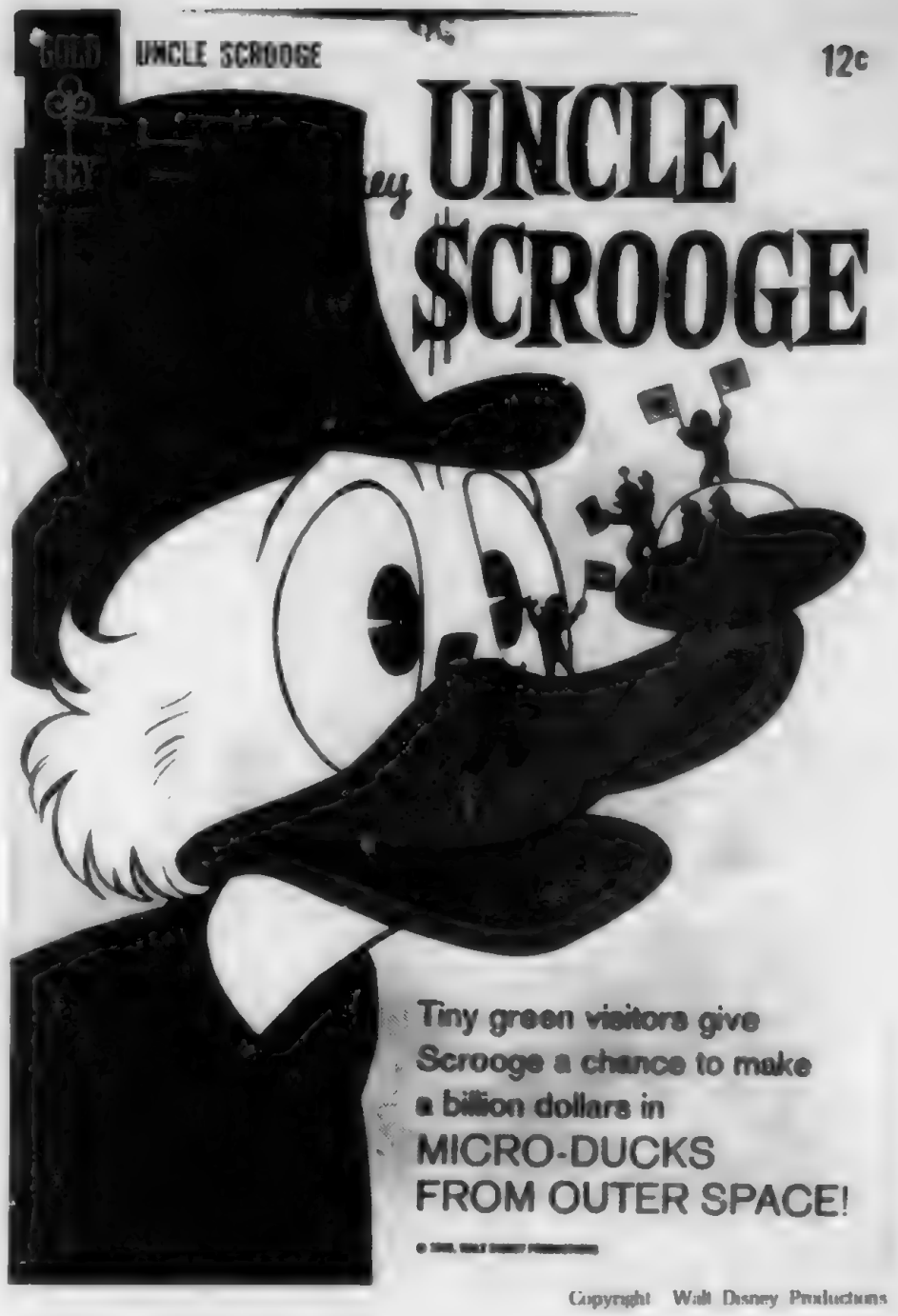
Front cover: Scrooge stares as tiny spacemen alight from a miniature flying saucer perched on the end of his beak. (Illustrating "Micro-ducks from Outer Space.")

UNCLE SCROOGE Micro-ducks from Outer Space - 24 - Scrooge needs another billion dollars in money bags to pile in front of a broken window in his money bin. A billion dollars is being offered by the Skeptics Club — but only to someone who can produce a flying saucer at their banquet that night. Scrooge is swatting at moths in his bin when a tiny flying saucer — containing little green ducks from outer space — flies in through his broken window. They buy a few grains of wheat and corn from Scrooge in return for two of their gold coins, then they agree to help him win the billion dollars. After a variety of mishaps and adventures, the ducks and the spacemen finally arrive at the Skeptics' banquet, but the spacemen are vulnerable to smoke, and when one of the Club members blows cigar smoke at the saucer, they have to use the last of a life-giving gas to restore themselves. The ship then must leave before Scrooge can show that there are living beings in it.

66 - November 1966 - 36 pages

Front cover: The ducks vacuum, curl, brush, and oil a sleek race horse. (Illustrating "The Heedless Horseman.")

UNCLE SCROOGE The Heedless Horseman - 24 - Scrooge, determined to win the Crystal Orb Derby and become "king" of Duckburg for the coming year, buys Fireball, the horse that has won the previous two years — not knowing that the horse plunges into the water every time a mysterious explosion is heard. The ducks learn after Scrooge has bought Fireball that he is actually an incredibly complex robot, designed to win Derbies — and that the other horses in the race are robots, too. The Beagle Boys are causing the mysterious "booms" with Beaglemite, a compact new explosive that they have invented, and they plan to loot Scrooge's money bin while everyone is at the Derby. They visit the Derby grounds themselves first, and their Beaglemite gets mixed up with a saddle weight for Fireball. The Beaglemite is timed to go off during the Derby, but Scrooge makes a "boom" by breaking the Crystal Orb that is the Derby's trophy. As a result, Fireball dives in a pond and the explosive is extinguished.



68 - March 1967 - 36 pages

Front cover: The ducks swim into an underwater cave where a duck mermaid sits with a shark at her side. (Illustrating "Hall of the Mermaid Queen.")

UNCLE SCROOGE Hall of the Mermaid Queen - 24 - The floor of Scrooge's money bin breaks through and most of his money falls into a cavern and slides through it and out to sea, coming to rest many fathoms beneath the surface. Donald and Scrooge go after the money in special diving gear, and on the ocean floor they encounter a strange race of duck mermen who are ruled by a mermaid queen. Daisy, fearing that Donald will be seduced by a mermaid, goes to the bottom herself, and is captured by the mermen, as are Donald, Scrooge and the nephews when they attempt rescues. The ducks are about to be thrown into a fathomless pit when one of the nephews saves them by demonstrating that the queen can make herself as attractive as Daisy by using Daisy's makeup kit.

69 - May 1967 - 36 pages

Front cover: Scrooge is suspended in a sling from a helicopter in which Donald and the nephews are riding, and he has just put his "$" brand on a longhorn steer. (Illustrating "The Cattle King.")

UNCLE SCROOGE The Cattle King - 24 - Scrooge brings Donald and the nephews to his ranch at roundup time, in a helicopter, so that he can teach them the cattle business. Scrooge's cowboys are fleeing from Snake McViper's rustlers, so the ducks take over their chores. McViper's men get the best of them — and get Scrooge's cattle — until two of the nephews disguise themselves as a girl and trick McViper's men into eating some of their abominable cooking. Both Scrooge and

McViper are herding their cattle toward the railroad with helicopters, both hoping to get there first and get the best prices, and they battle in the air until both 'copters go down. Scrooge and McViper arrive at the railroad station at the same time, but Scrooge wins the race to get to the locomotive needed to pull the cattle cars. McViper sends a boxcar full of explosives hurtling toward the locomotive, but the nephews, using the Junior Woodchuck guidebook, build a ramp of stones that sends the locomotive sailing through the air over the boxcar.

70 - July 1967 - 36 pages

Front cover: Scrooge, who is clutching a diamond, and the other ducks are in a sinking life raft that is being menaced by an exploding volcano, an octopus, and a shark. (Illustrating "The Doom Diamond.")

UNCLE SCROOGE The Doom Diamond - 24 - Scrooge has had an elaborate pirate-proof ship built to carry ten million dollars in gold to South Miserystan, which is selling him the Zero diamond, the world's largest. The Beagle Boys, learning of Scrooge's plans, build their own ship to counter Scrooge's weapons. A battle on the high seas ensues, but Scrooge finally defeats the Beagles with a weapon that they didn't know about. Scrooge purchases the diamond, and bad luck immediately descends upon him. The Beagles steal the diamond and the bad luck becomes theirs, to the point that they lose their ship and are forced to accept Scrooge's help. Scrooge accidentally swallows the diamond, and the Beagles toss him and the other ducks adrift in a raft. They change their minds when they hear in a radio broadcast that Scrooge's fortune will be transferred to Fort Knox unless he returns to Duckburg soon. The Beagles save the ducks, then knock the diamond out of Scrooge, and into the sea, by slapping his bottom with a hairbrush.

71 - October 1967 - 36 pages

Front cover: Scrooge and the nephews — all dressed in the clothing of an ancient civilization — flee with armloads of treasure as Donald holds off attackers with a spear. (Illustrating "King Scrooge the First.")

UNCLE SCROOGE King Scrooge the First - 21 - A swami who claims to be more than four thousand years old stuns the ducks into unconsciousness and transports them to the ruins of Sagbad, ancient capital of Fatcatstan. The ducks drink some water left behind by the Swami, and a potion in the water stimulates "memory cells in the ducks' genes," so that they act out events in which their ancestors participated thousands of years before. They lead the swami — actually a king who was a rival of Scrooge's royal ancestor — to a treasure trove hidden during an ancient battle in which Khan Khan led the Mongolduks in opposition to King Scrooge-shah. Khan Khan swallowed a powder that gave him everlasting life, and the only part of the treasure he takes now is a gray powder that is the antidote for the powder that made him immortal and invincible. (*Script only.*)

Barks: Barks' records indicate that "King Scrooge the First" was written as a twenty-four-page story; however, his pencil script of the story's dialogue is identical with that in the story as published, and covers only twenty-one pages. "This is a mystery to me, too. I got paid for 24 pages." February 24, 1972, letter to Mike Barrier.

Reprints of Barks stories had also appeared in the following issues of *Uncle Scrooge* through 1972: 66, 67, 72, 73, 82, 84-102.

D. DONALD DUCK ALBUM

1 - August 1963 - 36 pages

Front cover: In the top half of the cover, Donald takes a flash picture of Scrooge, the nephews, Grandma, Daisy, and Gus Goose; in the bottom half, Donald suppresses a laugh as the others stagger around blinded. (*Art only.*)

Back cover: The same as the top half of the front cover, enlarged.

E. HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS

6 - July 1970 - 36 pages

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Peril of the Black Forest - 14 - The Woodchucks and the animals of the Black Forest of Duckburg combine to hold back Scrooge's bulldozers, which are preparing to level the forest for construction of a new city. When Scrooge flees for reinforcements, his helicopter — which has been sabotaged by the animals — crashes in the wilds with the nephews aboard. After a day and a night of life in the forest with the nephews, Scrooge changes his mind about wanting to build a city. (*Script only.*)

Barks: "I did a 14 page of the Junior Woodchucks for Chase (Craig) a few months ago. (Sept. or thereabouts) Also a 6 pager (I'm not sure of the title and can't dig up the record). Chase is now wanting me to do more stories for the Junior Woodchucks, which will likely be a regular comic (1/4'ly). I'm currently writing a 14 pager for him. In the story I did in Sept. (?) I used Uncle Scrooge as the villain. I'm doing the same in the current story. Analyzing all the things you fans have written and said I've concluded that you all liked him best when he was the menace in the duck stories. When he became the hero, with his own book, I had to be careful how *bad* I made him. Anyway, in the current story he is fighting dirty against the Junior Woodchucks who are trying to save a whale that got washed ashore by a tidal wave. Uncle S. wants to render the frantic mammal into countless barrels of whale oil.

"In the previous story Uncle S. was going to cut down the Black Forest of Duckburg and turn the whole ecology into a suburbia." December 11, 1969, letter to Mike Barrier.

THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Life Savers - 5 - The Woodchucks mistake a movie company's sinking sloop for the real thing, much to the amusement of the movie makers, who try to fool the Woodchucks again by pretending their own boat is sinking. The Woodchucks are slow to believe them, even when their boat actually does sink. (*Script only.*)

7 - October 1970 - 36 pages

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Whale of a Good Deed - 17 - a tidal wave leaves a whale stranded on shore, and the Woodchucks dig out a path so that it can return to sea — but the whale is partially on Scrooge's land, and Scrooge has him tied down, with plans to render him into whale oil. Scrooge sets up a steam winch to drag the whale all the way onto his land, and the Woodchucks' efforts to foil Scrooge's plans fail until their trained eagle pours whale oil on the knot holding the whale and it comes undone, permitting the whale to slide down into the sea. (*Script only.*)

Changes: This was written as a fourteen-page story and was expanded to seventeen pages by enlarging a number of panels.

Barks: See comments on "Peril of the Black Forest," *Huey, Dewey and Louie Junior Woodchucks* No. 6.

8 - January 1971 - 36 pages

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Let Sleeping Bones Lie - 14 - The Woodchucks uncover the skeleton of a huge prehistoric animal, but the bones

lie in the path of Scrooge's highway construction crew, and the Woodchucks try to save the bones first from being blown up and then from being ground up for paving, and finally from being made into a restaurant. Scrooge is brewing a cup of turnip tea when Pluto, the Woodchucks' official hound, drops a weed that produces visions into the boiling water. Under the weed's influence, Scrooge thinks the animal has come back to life, and signs the bones over to the nature museum. (*Script only.*)

Changes: In Barks' original script, the dog was not Pluto, but rather the Official Hound used in earlier stories with the Woodchucks.

Barks: "I've just finished the script for a 14-page Junior Woodchuck story. It's about the J.W.s discovering the bones of a huge prehistoric beast. Larger than a dinosaur. They vow to dig it out complete and give the 'Colossosaurus' to the children of the future. In other words, set up a park around the bones. But Uncle Scrooge's construction crew is building a super highway right through the bones. Uncle Scrooge figures he'll grind up the bones and use them for road ballast. Then, when the kids dissuade him from that, he re-routes the highway, buys the bone site, and starts readying the bones into a hamburger joint. The situation gives me several chances to poke fun at America's tastes and ideas of culture. Perhaps you will like the story." March 8, 1970, letter to Mike Barrier.

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Bad Day for Troop 'A' - 6 - The nephews' Troop A is the consistent winner in Woodchuck competition, and when a plane carrying circus performers goes down, they beat Troop K to it. But Troop K carries a group of midgets to safety, and Troop A must struggle to rescue the fat lady. Troop K gets all the glory. (*Script only.*)

Changes: The third panel on the first page of Barks' script was deleted (it showed Troop A winning a trail-marking contest) and the first panel on the second page of Barks' script was shifted to the first page. The new first panel on the second page — the second panel on that page, in Barks' script — was enlarged to a double panel, the full width of the page.

9 - April 1971 - 36 pages

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Looter of the Lake - 13 - The Woodchucks, who are filled with energy supplied by Vitamin "Zee," go to Crystal Lake to ice skate, only to find that the ice has turned gooey. The cause is a factory that is dumping its wastes into the lake. Scrooge is the owner, and scorns the Woodchucks' pleas that he spare the lake. The Woodchucks ruin the factory, though, by switching the suction pipe that brings pure water into the factory so that it sucks up the fouled lake water instead. Only then do they learn that the factory was making Vitamin Zee. (*Script only.*)

Changes: The title of this story was originally "Saviors of the Lake."

Barks: "I'll give you a resume of what I've done lately. A 13-page script in June for the Junior Woodchucks. It's about the J.W.s going skating at Crystal Lake and finding that a factory is so polluting the water that skating is no longer possible. Uncle Scrooge owns the factory and isn't about to shut it down for the ecology's sake. The J.W.s out-trick him and close the stinking plant for keeps. Then they discover the other side of the coin. The plant was producing a product that was almost the staff of life of the Junior Woodchucks. Probably a Dec. or Jan. release." August 1, 1970, letter to Mike Barrier.

10 - July 1971 - 36 pages

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Maple Sugar Time (How Sweet It Is!) - 13 - The Woodchucks, trying to raise money for their charity fund, go to the park to gather sap for maple sugar, but are left with only a hollow tree to tap when Donald, Scrooge, and the Littlest Chickadees get to the good trees first. The sap mysteriously vanishes, and the others accuse the Woodchucks of being the thieves, but the Beagle Boys are the culprits, sucking all the sap up into a vat in a tree. The tree collapses, the Beagles are captured, and their stolen sap flows down through the Woodchucks' hollow tree, giving them a bountiful harvest. (*Script only.*)

Changes: The last two panels on the third page of Barks' script (showing the nephews stumbling about with buckets over their heads) were deleted from the published version so that the splash panel could be made larger and panels shifted from the first page of the script to the second, and from the second to the third.

Barks: "Another script in the planning stage is about the J.W.s harvesting maple sap for their charity fund. I plan to have Donald or Uncle Scrooge be the greedy villain who milks the trees of all their sap and generally wreaks havoc with the ecology. I have very little done on this script but believe I can develop enough conflict to fill 13 pages." August 1, 1970, letter to Mike Barrier. "Well, my latest is a 13-page script for the Junior Woodchucks, in which the Chucks try to make some money gathering maple sap to make into maple sugar. Uncle Scrooge, Donald, and a troop of Littlest Chickadees corner all the sugar trees, leaving the 'chucks sapless. But thievery sets in mysteriously, and the big operators suspect each other. There is almost war before an accident reveals Beagle Boys in the treetops. The big operators abandon their sap to round up Beagle Boys, and the Woodchucks get *all* the sugar. No 'message' in the plot. Just sight gags." September 21, 1970, letter to Mike Barrier.

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Bottled Battlers - 12 - The Woodchucks are gathering up bottles from alongside the highway when Magica de Spell flies overhead on a broom with a bottle of formula she is going to use to cut into Scrooge's money bin. She drops the bottle while doing some trick flying, and one of the nephews finds it and decides to keep it. When Magica returns to look for the bottle, she seals the nephews into a huge glass bottle while she empties their bags of trash in a search for her bottle. After some futile efforts to get help from passersby, the nephews start rolling the bottle and run into Magica, who sees her formula when it falls from a nephew's hat. She instructs the nephews to use a few drops of the formula to cut their way out of the bottle, but they use up all of it, and Magica leaves in defeat. (*Script only.*)

Barks: "At present I'm doing a 12-page script for the J.W.s. It's about pollution, too. The J.W.s are cleaning up trash along the roadside. Magica de Spell, flying by, loses a bottle of Formula X from the saddle bags of her hot hot rod broom. Complications start when she returns to find the bottle and 'glass blows' the nephews into a huge bottle to keep them from beating her to the lost formula bottle. If accepted, this script will be a springtime release." August 1, 1970, letter to Mike Barrier.

11 - October 1971 - 36 pages

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Traitor in the Ranks - 13 - Donald, furious at finding medals everywhere in his house, vows to get the nephews kicked out of the Woodchucks, and disguises himself as a boy who is a potential Woodchuck recruit. Donald continually sabotages the nephews as they try to train him, and they are about to be drummed out of the Woodchucks when a high Woodchuck official who has been watching them while disguised as a bush reveals himself. The nephews wind up with a huge pile of medals. (*Script only.*)

Changes: Two double panels on the tenth page of Barks' script were reduced in size to single panels so that the story's last panel could be enlarged to a half page in the published version.

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Eagle Savers - 12 - Scrooge is planning to drill atop Aerie Crag, where bald eagles nest, but is halted by the Wood-

chucks and their leader, Senator Birdfriend. Scrooge tries to lure the eagles into a cage with an eaglet doll and a recorded eaglet cry, but is himself trapped in the cage and carried up to a ledge on the crag by the eagles, and is rescued only when the leader of the Littlest Chickadees disguises herself as a mountain lion and frightens the eagles away. Scrooge hands over the deed to the crag to Senator Birdfriend. (*Script only.*)

12 - January 1972 - 36 pages

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Hound of the Moaning Hills - 13 - Dozens of people, their hair turned white from fear, are fleeing from the howls of a shadowy "giant hound," and the Woodchucks' leader takes them into the countryside to clear up the mystery. As night falls, the Woodchucks find huge tracks, see a giant turkey, and finally flee at the sight of the giant hound's glowing eyes. They come upon Uncle Scrooge in a house in the woods, where Scrooge and his scientists have been testing growth foods that account for not only the giant turkey, but the hound as well. The hound has broken loose from his chain and turned savage, and Scrooge and the Woodchucks go hunting for him with a tranquilizer gun. Scrooge misses when he fires at the dog with a tranquilizer dart, but Pluto, the official hound, distracts the giant dog long enough for one of the nephews to retrieve the dart and stick it in the giant hound's rump. As a reward, the Woodchucks are admitted for half price when Scrooge opens an exhibit with the turkeys and the hound. (*Script only.*)

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Storm Dancers - 12 - The nephews give a demonstration in tent-making for the public on the day before school starts. Disgruntled at the thought of returning to school, the nephews decide to conjure up a heavy storm to delay classes. However, one of the nephews has mistakenly been doing the dance for a "mountain mover" of a storm, and a cyclone comes up, destroying the schoolhouse and carrying the Woodchucks and the school books along with it. However, the Woodchucks learn from a newspaper headline that the cyclone had been predicted beforehand, and they decide to win Duckburg's cheers by taking the books back to the city with them. This means that classes can be held after all, since the city has followed the Woodchucks' example and erected a tent school. (*Script only.*)

13 - March 1972 - 36 pages

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS The Day the Mountain Shook - 13 - Huey, Dewey and Louie are demoted to "beanheads" and left behind on the annual Woodchuck hike up Mount Greenglory, after they accidentally brew up a batch of Napoleon's formula for emergency cannon tires instead of pancake batter, and their leader gets covered with the mess. After the other Woodchucks have begun their climb, the mountain starts shaking — Scrooge is strip-mining it with a giant boring machine, and the Woodchucks are trapped when the only slope they can climb is jolted loose. Falling rocks damage Scrooge's controls, and it appears that his machine can't be stopped. Then Pluto, the official hound, reminds the nephews of the formula for cannon cannon tires, and they mix a batch and pour it on the machine. The machine flies apart, the Woodchucks are saved, Scrooge abandons his mining — and Huey, Dewey and Louie are restored to their old rank. *(Script only.)*

Changes: The first two panels on the seventh page of Barks' script (showing the nephews following the path of the boring machine to Blackwall Canyon) were deleted from the published version, so that the splash panel could be made larger and panels shifted from the first page of the script to the second, and so on.

Barks: "Well, I'm in labor again giving birth to a Junior Woodchuck plot. Just mailed a script to Chase (Craig) this morning that concerned the J.W.s battle to stop Uncle Scrooge from strip mining a lovely mountain into neat windrows of coal. For the next plot I may have the J.W.s battling the dogfood people to save wild horses. Please don't tell these plots around until sufficient time has elapsed for Western to get the stuff on the presses. That could be four to six months. After reading parts of *All in Color for a Dime* I can understand Chase's fear of National scooping him on any plots that might look promising. Those production-line whip crackers could have a comic written, drawn, and on the newsstands in 30 days." May 3, 1971, letter to Mike Barrier.

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Gold of the '49ers - 12 - The Woodchucks, whose treasury is depleted, come to the desert in search of three gold briks lost there years ago. The nephews, who proposed the trip, must flee when their angry fellow Woodchucks become convinced that they are on a wild goose chase. The nephews' search is interrupted by a wild horse stampede, started by some unsavory mustang hunters on motorcycles. The nephews try to free the wild horses, but they are unsuccessful, and their protests go unheard, until the hunters decide to take the last fifty dollars in the Woodchuck treasury as "payment" for the horses. After the hunters and the horses have left, the Woodchucks find the three gold bricks where the horses were pawing at the ground. (*Script only.*)

Barks: See comments on "The Day the Mountain Shook," *Huey, Dewey and Louie Junior Woodchucks* No. 13.

14 - May 1972 - 36 pages

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Duckmade Disaster - 13 - Scrooge is forced to move his money bin when the Woodchucks and others protest that it is on the site of the home of Cornelius Coot, the founder of Duckburg. As Scrooge's bin is being moved across a bridge, the bridge collapses, and the bin backs up the Tulebug River so that it floods the surrounding land. Scrooge and the Woodchucks remove much of Scrooge's money from the bin, making it lighter, and the bin is swept away by the flood water — and back into Duckburg, onto its former site. But the citizens of Duckburg are pleased, because the flood waters have washed clean the real site of Cornelius Coot's home, under the city dump. (*Script only.*)

Changes: This story was twelve pages long as written; it was expanded to thirteen pages by enlarging several panels.

15 - July 1972 - 36 pages

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Wailing Whalers - 18 - The Woodchucks have gone to sea in a rowboat to observe the migration of the whales; when their boat is capsized, they are rescued by Scrooge's whaling ship. Huey and the Woodchucks' leader go with Scrooge in his underwater whale-finder — which is shaped like a real whale — in the fear that he will drown if he goes in it by himself. While the whale-finder is under water, Scrooge's ship is attacked by another whaling ship; the renegade whalers are distracted from sinking Scrooge's ship when their sonar picks up the whale-finder, which they believe is a real whale. Scrooge's whale-finder is attacked with harpoons from the other whaling ship, but the Woodchucks — who have returned to Scrooge's ship from a lifeboat — save their friends by ramming the renegade whaler with Scrooge's ship. Both whaling ships sink, and the chastened Scrooge says that now he knows how it feels to be a whale. (*Script only.*)

16 - September 1972 - 36 pages

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOOD-

CHUCKS Where There's Smoke - 16 - The Woodchucks patrol the forest, watching for forest fires, but they are drenched repeatedly with chemical goop as Donald, a sky warden, dumps a load each time he sees what he thinks is a fire from his plane. The Woodchucks become suspicious of a prankster with two fake blowtorches, and they follow him as he drops black sticks into the bushes. The black sticks are delayed fuses, and they begin burning in the Woodchucks' clothes. The fires prove to be difficult to put out, and the Woodchucks, in their search for water, find the firebug's secret powder house. The powder house goes up in a great blast, and the Black Forest is saved only by a heavy rain. The Woodchucks are honored in Duckburg for capturing the firebug, but they accept their award with umbrellas over their heads, out of fear of Donald's jealousy. (*Script only.*)

17 - November 1972 - 36 pages

HUEY, DEWEY AND LOUIE THE JUNIOR WOODCHUCKS Be Leery of Lake Eerie - 16 - The Woodchucks try to go swimming in incredibly polluted Lake Eerie, but they find it infested with two kinds of strange beast: catfish that dine on beer cans and old tires, and a dragon with a skin that looks like old plastic bags. The dragon, which has somehow been generated by the lake itself, is a "trashivore," eating the pollutants that fill the lake. It attracts the interest of a big-game hunter, a pig character named Magnum P. Highpower, but the dragon is impervious to Highpower's bullets. The dragon is routed only by heavy rains, as are the catfish; scientists say that the fresh water was too much for them. But although the scavengers are gone, they have left Lake Eerie clean again. (*Script only.*)

Changes: In the third panel on the last page of Barks' script, one of the nephews says of the dragon, "He seems to have passed away." In the story as published, this has been changed to "He seems to really be gone this time."

In the fourth panel, in the original script, one of the nephews asks, "What caused this disaster, doctors?" and one of two scientists replies, "The rains, without a doubt." In the published sotry, the scientist replies, "The rains! All that fresh water was too much for them."

In the fifth panel in Barks' script, one scientist says, "Fresh water diluted the lake until it was only 98 percent impure." The other scientist says, "The dragon couldn't take it. He was poisoned." In the published version, this panel has been replaced by one in which the delighted nephews exclaim that the lake is clean again.

In the final panel, in Barks' script, the lake is still polluted. The Woodchucks' leader, who is testing the water, says, "Scoriatic phosphates are bad today, troopers." One nephew, coating himself with material from a bucket, says, "Coat yourselves with graphite and wear gas masks." Another nephew — already coated and wearing a gas mask — is leaping into the lake and saying, "Last one in is a pink baboon." In the published version, the happy nephews are swimming in a clean Lake Eerie, and saying that they hope "someone can figure a way to keep it this way."

Barks: "Just noticed that there is another script I overlooked. 'Be Leery of Lake Eerie' 16 pages about pollution. It will be the next on the stands, I think. It concerns Lake Eerie which has become so full of acids, old tires, gunk and junk that the J.W.s have to wear grease when swimming. A giant dragon forms in the lake from the coalescence of chemical matters. He consumes junk in great mouthfuls. The J.W.s protect the dragon, but a big game hunter tries to kill it. Anyway, the office butchered my ending and it all comes out as sweet as raindrops on rose petals." August 16, 1972, letter to Mike Barrier.

Reprints of Barks stories had also appeared in the following issues of *Huey, Dewey and Louie Junior Woodchucks* through 1972: 4, 5.

F. WALT DISNEY COMICS DIGEST

5 - November 1968 - 196 pages (5" x 6 3/4")

DAISY DUCK'S DIARY The Dainty Daredevil - 8 (pages 67-74) - Daisy, trying to find a job, is misled by a fortune teller and takes a job as a stunt girl for a daredevil pilot, but winds up as a model. (*Art only.*)

Format: These pages are two panels deep.

Barks: "The Daisy Duck story in D.C. Digest must be one I drew for Chase (Craig) last June. 8 pages. He was desperate for someone to do the art. All the current ink slingers having been busy or away on vacation." November 22, 1968, letter to Mike Barrier.

Reprints of Barks stories had appeared in the following issues of *Walt Disney Comics Digest* through 1972: 1-13, 16-31, 33-38.

G. REPRINTS

Reprints of Barks stories had also appeared in the following Gold Key comic books through the end of 1972: *Christmas Parade* 2-6, 8; *Donald Duck Beach Party* 1; *The Best of Donald Duck* 1; *Uncle Scrooge and Money*; *The Best of Donald Duck and Uncle Scrooge* 1, 2; *Uncle Scrooge and Donald Duck* 1; *The Best of Uncle Scrooge and Donald Duck* 1; *Tom and Jerry Summer Fun* 1; *Golden Comics Digest* 18, 22. Most of the Barks stories in these comic books were reprinted with only minor editorial changes; for example, the panels at the bottom of a page might be trimmed to make room for the indicia. However, Barks himself made changes in the reprinted version of "The Mummy's Ring" from *Donald Duck* Four Color No. 29, 1943 (reprinted in *Uncle Scrooge and Donald Duck* No. 1, 1965). Barks redrew the first, sixteenth and seventeenth pages of this story for its reprinting; however, the redrawing involved no changes in the substance of the story. The original drawings were re-inked (the shift in the inking style is noticeable) and the position of the dialogue in the panels — but not the dialogue itself — was altered slightly. The only real change is in the fifth panel on the seventeenth page, where two of the nephews are drawn in new positions, rather than simply re-inked. When asked why these pages were redrawn, Barks replied, "I don't remember exactly, but I think the original printing plates were lost or damaged." (February 17, 1972, letter to Mike Barrier.)

To be concluded next issue.

REVIEWS

ANIMATION: Chuck Jones is a little like an actor who has trouble using his hands and his voice at the same time. When the dialogue is plentiful in a Jones cartoon — as in **The Cricket in Times Square,** a half-hour special broadcast April 24 on the ABC network — he tends to become preoccupied with making the dialogue flow smoothly and naturally, at the expense of what we see. The dialogue in *Cricket* flows as smoothly as toothpaste oozing out of a tube, and unfortunately, the animation has much the same quality. The characters' expressions and gestures smell of mothballs, and there are few of the crisp, distinctive poses that Jones used so often in his Warner cartoons. Or it may be that the poses are obliterated by poor timing. The effect of good poses depends not merely on the drawings themselves, but on the cartoon's timing — a pose must be given time to register on our brains, but it must not linger so long that it seems frozen. The timing of *Cricket* was dictated by the torrent of words, not by the requirements of good animation. The film has a gray, uniform quality; everything moves past our eyes at a steady jogger's pace. There is no real variety in timing, or mood, or dramatic emphasis. Jones seems determined merely to get through George Selden's book.

Probably it is the book itself — a widely praised fantasy for children about a musical cricket and the cat and mouse with whom he shares life in a Times Square subway station — that is the most to blame. There is little in it to remind us of Jones' best cartoons. In those cartoons, Jones is one of the most sensitive of all cartoon-makers; he is alert to psychological nuances that would escape the average director, and he shows us his characters' hearts and minds with perfect clarity. But even better, he never allows his insights to dominate a story or a gag. We are never tapped on the shoulder and asked to admire the director's elegant sensibility; we are asked only to laugh,. and the laughter is deeply satisfying because Jones has brought the characters on the screen to life.

All of this applies only when Jones is working with a good story, or good gags, to begin with. He is a director who can transform brass — but not lead — into gold. I've come to believe that Jones works best with stories of a certain kind, which he probably cannot supply himself (the few Jones cartoons I have seen for which he gave himself story credit are not very good). Hard-shelled, even cynical stories and gags seem to be a liberating influence for Jones, because in them there is no danger that he'll blunder into preciosity — into sensitivity for its own sake. If he did, if he lingered too long over a facial expression or a pose, the story itself would mock his pretensions. The best Jones cartoons combine such cynicism with a joy in life — or, more precisely, with a joy in the enormous variety of human thoughts and emotions. When this joy and cynicism are blended, the result is a delicate irony, free of bitterness; this for me is the quintessence of Jones' cartoons. In the Road Runner series, and other cartoons as well, Jones often transformed defeat into an exhilarating experience — for us, if not for the character who is defeated.

By comparison with such cartoons, Selden's *Cricket* is a rather soft and flabby fantasy. **Charlotte's Web** is a different kind of book; E. B. White is vastly sympathetic toward his characters, but his story has the strength that comes, not from cynicism, but from wisdom. It is tempting to imagine what Chuck Jones might have done with such a book.

Charlotte's Web fell instead into the hands of the Hanna-Barbera studio, where it was directed by Charles A. Nichols and Iwao Takamoto as a 94-minute feature cartoon, released last February. Remarkably — considering how hard Nichols and Takamoto and their henchmen tried — they did not succeed in destroying the book. It is still possible, when seeing the film of *Charlotte's Web,* to get some idea of how good the book is. But just barely. The movie departs from the book on many points, and never once succeeds in improving on it.

The principal characters in Chuck Jones' The Cricket in Times Square *will return on December 14 in* A Very Merry Cricket, *a Christmas special to be broadcast on ABC television.*

BOOKS: Jerry Bails and Hames Ware, the editors of Volume One of **The Who's Who of American Comic Books** (softbound, 68 pages; $6.00 plus 35 cents postage from Jerry Bails, 487 Lakewood, Detroit, Michigan 48215) describe the book as a "biographical directory of the artists, writers and editors who have contributed *original* material to America's four-color comics magazines." The first volume covers names beginning with the letters A through F; when completed in 1975, the four volumes of *The Who's Who* will contain more than two thousand biographical entries. Naturally, the entries in Volume One vary greatly in their scope; for some artists and writers, only the sketchiest information was available. A number of living artists and writers — sharing, perhaps, the general public contempt for comic books — evidently failed to fill out the biographical questionnaires that Bails and Ware distributed. But even with such handicaps, the book is unprecedented in its completeness. *The Who's Who* tells us more than we have known before about dozens of important figures — and it does not neglect those who are less important. Bails and Ware have not made artistic judgments; they have sought instead to serve as reporters, gathering facts that might otherwise be lost forever. So far, they have succeeded extremely well, and the future volumes, building on the success of the first, will no doubt be even better. With proper support, *The Who's Who* will become a continuing project, with new editions to correct errors and incorporate information that was not previously available.

The National Cartoonists Society published a new edition last year of its **NCS Album,** edited by Mort Walker (softbound, 190 pages; $10.00 from Marge Devine, Scribe, National Cartoonists Society, 9 Ebony Court, Brooklyn, New York 11229; checks should be made out to the NCS Milt Gross Fund). The *Album,* which is published every five years or so, is made up of brief illustrated autobiographies of NCS members. Some of the autobiographies in the new edition have been repeated from earlier editions, and the price is stiff for a paperbound book; however, the cost is tax-deductible, as a contribution to the Milt Gross Fund, which the NCS established to benefit indigent cartoonists.

Mike Barrier

Continued from Page 36.

off, how he changed that around and twisted it, into something I didn't intend it to be at all . . . I didn't stay around very long. Ralph Bakshi said afterward, well, that's over with, now you've seen it, I'm glad that's over with. Poor guy, I felt sorry for him."

Crumb had this to say about the picture itself: "It's weird; it's really a reflection of Ralph Bakshi's confusion, you know. There's something real repressed about it. In a way, it's more twisted than my stuff. It's really twisted in some kind of weird, unfunny way. . . . It's compulsive or something." He noted that characters urinate at three points in the movie; there is nothing like that in Crumb's original Fritz stories. "Bakshi puts in this pissing stuff, and toilet stuff. I didn't like that sex attitude in it very much. It's like real repressed horniness; he's kind of letting it out compulsively."

Some of Bakshi's own comments about the movie — made more than two months before Crumb saw it — dovetail with Crumb's:

"It was like going to a psychiatrist, working with Crumb on this stuff. All these things that I'd been blocking for years started pouring out. Whether the picture works or not, man, it's been the best thing that ever happened to me in my life, because now I understand what's locked up inside and what I want to do as a cartoonist."

Ultimately, it's almost beside the point to talk about *Fritz*'s failure to recreate the Sixties, or even to mirror Crumb's work; *Fritz* is only incidentally about these things. If we accept Bakshi's word about the picture's effect on him, then *Fritz* is a prime example of art as therapy for the artist. But I think that would be only part of the truth; I suspect that if *Fritz* had been made by any other young cartoon director who cared about his work, it would have much the same air of "repressed horniness." That is because it is animation as a whole that has suffered from "repressed horniness."

A multitude of conventions and taboos have settled in around animation in recent years, even as they were falling away from other films and the arts in general. Now, even the self-incineration of Avery's wolf characters is outside the bounds of what is acceptable in animated comedy. These barriers had special significance for Bakshi, because, in effect, they made the whole substance of his life off-limits to animation. There was not much to connect the Terrytoons of the Sixties with Bakshi's life in Brownsville; there was not much to connect the Terrytoons of the Sixties with life of any kind, but the gulf between them and Brownsville must have been particularly wide. For a man of Bakshi's temperament — impulsive, secretive, emotional, not "literary" in any sense — it must have been insufferable to work in a field that refused to let him draw on his own experiences when he was making cartoons. Small wonder that Bakshi has sometimes talked of leaving animation if he could not break away from the old formulas, and small wonder too that he threw so much of himself into *Fritz*, even though he was working with another man's creation. There hangs about *Fritz* the sweet scent of release, of freedom from old bugbears, for Bakshi and for everyone else in animation.

Fritz was necessary if animation is to survive. It is a little like Disney's *Fantasia*, which is dull as entertainment but marvelous as a demonstration of all the resources that Disney had available at that time. *Fritz*, although it is crude and unpleasant for much of its length, is successful as a demonstration of all that can yet be accomplished in animation — not technically, but artistically.

It may turn out that Bakshi himself is not capable of exploring the new frontiers whose existence he has proved; other artists have been doomed to repeating themselves once they reached a certain level of development, and Bakshi could conceivably spend the rest of his career turning out films that are simply slicker versions of *Fritz*. There is good evidence, though, that he is interested in doing more than that. For one thing, he is a collector of children's books illustrated by such masters as Arthur Rackham.

"It's crazy, but it's the other side of the coin," he said. "It's pure syrup, but it's beautiful. . . . The thing is, there's a great mystery about them. Realism and humor like Crumb and Spain and these other guys, that's one side of it, and very important; but the other side of it is these great dreamers, the great Victorian illustrators like Ernest Shepard. It's obvious how much they loved what they were doing. I keep going between these two worlds — dreaming totally, and then bouncing back and doing tough stuff. It's frustrating sometimes when I sit down to draw, I'll do one sketch of one kind, and then a sketch of the other, and I get confused. I try to ask myself, Ralph, don't you know what you want to do?"

END

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Many people helped me in the writing of this long article, and most of them have already been quoted by name; a few others have requested that they remain anonymous. I am also indebted to Graham Webb and Mark Kausler, and especially to Milton Gray, who doubled as an animator on Fritz *and associate editor of* Funnyworld. *M.B.*

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Ralph Bakshi's third feature cartoon, *Coonskin*, will have a cast of black characters; to read about Bakshi's first two features, turn to Page 26.